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# The Hongkong Telegraph

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## Palestine Truce Violations

### BOTH SIDES MAKE CHARGES

London, June 11.—Charges and counter-charges of truce violation marked the first day of the four weeks United Nations' truce in Palestine. By tonight the Arabs had reported four specific Jewish infractions of the cease-fire during which Count Folke Bernadotte will try to negotiate peace. The U.N. mediator would be told, the Arabs said. The Jews claimed the Arabs were continuing to attack in some sectors.

All reports—Jews, Arab and neutral—indicated that the truce, coming after six months and twelve days of bloody conflict was an uneasy one. Orders for the cease-fire came from both sides at 6 a.m. (GMT), the hour fixed by Count Bernadotte. But the day brought these charges:—

## Average Rainfall Exceeded

The Royal Observatory this morning reported that the Colony's average rainfall from January 1 until midnight last night had been passed.

The total rainfall for the year is now 28.66 inches against an average of 28.54.

Between midnight and 8 o'clock this morning 2.78 inches of rain were recorded, and the tropical depression which first made its presence felt in Hongkong late Wednesday night, has yielded the Colony a total of 11.4 inches of rain.

### STORMY NIGHT

Hongkong experienced a stormy night. Although the average wind force was only 17 knots, one short, sharp and isolated gust registered 56 knots.

Comparable to this was an occasion in 1936 when a single gust registered 65 knots while the average was 15.

The heavy rain dislodged a fair-sized boulder on to Harlech Road, although the road is not wholly closed. Another small boulder became dislodged alongside the Peak track, but there has been no dislocation of traffic.

A Royal Observatory official said this morning that the present squally weather would tend to decrease during the day, but that further rainfall must be expected.

Arabs: The Trans-Jordan Legion officially reported that Jews violated the cease-fire by an attack at 11 a.m. (GMT) on the town of Lydda and the Wadi el Khayr area with machine guns and light weapons. In all cases, said the Arabs, Jewish fire was not returned.

Syria sent a telegram to Count Bernadotte protesting that a Jewish plane flew over Damascus some hours after the cease-fire and was chased away.

(Damascus had been bombed during the night by the Israeli Air Force.)

### JEWISH ALLEGATIONS

A Tel-Aviv communiqué spoke of a heavy Arab attack at 10.30 a.m. (GMT) on the Sedjra settlement in the Atch-Tiberias road in lower Galilee. The communiqué also charged the Arabs with continuing to attack their sectors but did not name them.

Correspondents in Jerusalem reported that random shooting continued there for six minutes after the cease-fire. The shooting descended on the battle lines.

The all-Jewish city of Tel-Aviv had an air raid alert 60 minutes after the cease-fire hour. The reason was not disclosed and no explosions were heard.

Both sides had attacked strongly in the last hours before the cease-fire.

In the South, Egyptian tanks broke through to relieve a spearhead

of about 2,000 Egyptian troops which had been cut off from a main Egyptian column on the coast for a week.

From sunset to dawn Jerusalem was shaken by continual explosions as Trans-Jordan Legion guns battered Jewish districts and Zionist artillery replied.

In Tel-Aviv, a communiqué said the Israeli Air Force bombed the Syrian capital of Damascus in the final night hours before cease-fire. More than three tons of high explosives were dropped in 15 minutes, the Jews said.—Associated Press.

### MISSION ARRIVES

Haiti, June 11.—Seven American Naval and Marine officers and one Swedish army officer, arrived in Palestine today to supervise the United Nations cease-fire between the Arabs and the Jews. The first group of military observers to arrive at Haifa was headed by Col. Erik de Lavelet of the Swedish army.

He said the rest of the Belgian, French, Swedish and American officers will come into Palestine on both Jewish and Arab sides as circumstances permit.—Associated Press.

## IS BEVIN TO RETIRE?

London, June 11.—Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin's office reported on Tuesday that Mr Bevin will not seek re-election from his present district in the 1950 elections.

Mr Bevin's future political plans have not been definitely settled. A Foreign Office spokesman explained, but added, that Bevin "doubtless" will run in some other district.

The new move revived speculation which has recently been current in some London papers that the aging Foreign Secretary is about to retire from active politics.

Mr Bevin, one time strong man of British trade unions, will be 69 years old at the next election tentatively set for May, 1950.

A Foreign Office spokesman vehemently denied these rumours asserting "there is no question whatever" of Bevin retiring or even being made a peer.

Rumours of Bevin's retirement fed also upon the recent return to the Cabinet of Mr Hugh Dalton, long a rival of Bevin for high Labour Party posts.

In fact when the Prime Minister, Mr Clement Attlee was forming his government three years ago, most of London political pundits believed Dalton was slated for the Foreign Office. Instead in a reported last minute switch, he was given the Treasury.—Associated Press.

## Lord Derby To Marry

London, June 11.—Lord Derby, 30, one of Britain's richest men, is to marry Lady Isabel Miles Lade, 27, it was announced today.

Lord Derby succeeded to the title after his grandfather's death in February. He owns a string of residences, the famous Stanley House at Newmarket, and a number of estates including Knowsley Hall near Liverpool which has 30,000 acres, 500 employees and private post office.—Associated Press.

## 2,600 Guests At Palace

London, June 11.—Two thousand six hundred guests filled the State Apartments on the first floor of Buckingham Palace at the third presentation party of this year, given by the King and Queen.

The Royal party, which included Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, moved informally among the guests. In the garden, tea and ice cream were served at a long marquee facing the Palace buildings, while a Guards band played.—Reuter.

## Plane Dives Into Water

Halifax, Nova Scotia, June 11.—Lieut. Nigel Douglas Fisher, aged 27, son of Admiral Sir Douglas Blacke Fisher, Britain's fourth sea lord, was killed when his Royal Navy twin engined Sea Hornet crashed in the harbour in Halifax Nova Scotia today.

Fisher who arrived on June 1 with the Royal Navy's 806 squadron on the new Canadian carrier Magnificent was on a routine training exercise when the plane took a steep dive into the water.

With other members of his unit considered to be the six "hottest" pilots of the Royal Navy, he was preparing to participate in a show commemorating Air Force Day in Halifax on Sunday.—Associated Press.

## Magnetic Mine Sinks Steamer

### 150 Lives Feared Lost

Copenhagen, June 11.—A magnetic mine is believed to have sent the Danish steamer, Kjobenhavn (1,688 tons) to the bottom of the sea off Jutland today with the feared loss of 150 lives, according to an official of the Danish Admiralty.

Degaussing apparatus—used extensively during the war to render ships immune from this type of mine—was not fitted to the Kjobenhavn.

Danish naval experts have begun immediate enquiries to establish how the mine came to be within an established sea lane, causing Denmark's worst peacetime sea disaster.

Tonight, 225 of those on board the Kjobenhavn were known to have been rescued.

### DIVERS AT WORK

Divers were struggling beneath the turbulent waters of the Kattegat to release bodies trapped in the wreckage and planes were still flying over the scene in search of survivors.

The Kjobenhavn, on its way from Copenhagen to the North Danish port of Aalborg, struck the mine 15 miles off the coast as it neared the inlet of Lemfjord, leading to the port.

Another Danish steamship, the Fregga, took off 220 passengers, according to Captain Kill, master of the Kjobenhavn, who told of his "terrible experience" when death struck his ship in the darkness.

The British destroyer Onslaught and the submarine Trucon, visiting North Denmark, stood by to help if needed.

### TRAGIC PICTURE

A tragic picture of sudden death striking the Kjobenhavn while many of its passengers were asleep was pierced together by survivors lying in hospitals, hotels and hastily improvised first aid centres in the peaceful old city of Aalborg.

Some told of hearing the screams of people trapped behind cabin doors, jammed by the force of the explosion. Other passengers were killed by planks flung from the cargo hatches as the ship heeled over.

Captain Kill said: "The explosion occurred at and the ship settled in the shallow water almost perpendicular."

An Aalborg merchant, who was among the exhausted survivors, told of men and women in various stages of undress jumping into the oil-covered waters. Children were separated from their mothers and husbands from their wives as they strived to keep afloat in the rough sea.

He said some panic broke out on board as people realised the ship was sinking, but Captain Kill declared: "There was no panic among the passengers. They behaved with admirable calm."—Reuter.

## ANOTHER DYKE BREAKS

Portland, June 11.—The flooding Columbia River broke through another dyke on Portland's outskirts today and reared over a rich lowland area extending 10 miles to the east. Portland Airport, four golf and country clubs, a lakeside resort and homes for several thousand persons were inundated. All the residents were evacuated a few days ago, but fears were expressed that some might have returned.—Reuter.

## MIGHTY DON SCORES 28TH TEST CENTURY

### Australia 128 Ahead, 6 Wkts In Hand

Trent Bridge, Nottingham, June 11.—Australia ended the second day's play of the first Test match against England in a strong position. They had scored 293 runs for four wickets in reply to England's first innings' total of 165.

Don Bradman, the Australian captain, was 130 not out and Hassett 41 not out when stumps were drawn. This is Bradman's 28th Test century and his fifth three-figure innings of the tour.

Jim Laker, the Surrey bowler, who rescued England in the first innings, against distinguished himself today by taking the first three Australian wickets. When Miller fell to Laker, the latter's analysis was 12.4 overs, five maidens, 22 runs, three wickets.

The fourth wicket that fell during the day went to Norman Yardley, who, in his first over, accounted for Brown.

Then came a long and sometimes uninteresting stand by Bradman and Hassett, who added 100 runs. Actually, England restricted the tourists to 276 runs in six hours.

Bradman, showing his best form, completed his 28th century in Test cricket and his 15th against England.

### WONDERFUL CATCH

Young, left arm slow, and Laker, off break, shared England's attack after lunch when the scoreboard read 104 runs for one wicket. Although no English player was nearer than 15 yards from the bat, Barnes pierced Laker's offside field with a boundary off drive and a square cut in the same over. Runs came easily until at 121 when a wonderful catch by the wicket-keeper, Evans, dismissed Barnes.

Barnes slashed at a rising ball just short of a length. Everyone expected to see the ball flailing to the boundary, but Evans was right over on the off side, and his right hand almost made contact with the bat as he parried the ball which flew from his glove into the air.

Swinging round and diving full length, Evans caught the ball—his hand inches from the turf.

The umpire, Cooks, at the bowler's end consulted Umpire Chester when England appealed and Chester confirmed the catch.

Bradman ran out after Barnes and apparently told him that Miller was to go in next instead of Hassett as was expected. Whether pre-arranged or not, the unexpected alteration in the batting order was not a success. In Laker's next over, Miller groped forward to a perfect length ball and edged it to slip, where Edrich took the catch.

### Rest Of The Sport

The rest of yesterday's international sports results—county cricket, Davis Cup and tournament tennis, baseball, athletics and motor racing—will be found on the back page.

Both the second and third wickets fell at 121, and at this point Laker's superb bowling was represented by the remarkable figures, on a perfect pitch his analysis being 12.4 overs, five maidens, 22 runs and three wickets.

This did not deter Yardley from bringing on Bedser and Edrich with the new ball straight away in order that Brown, the new batsman, could be fully tested with speed and swing.

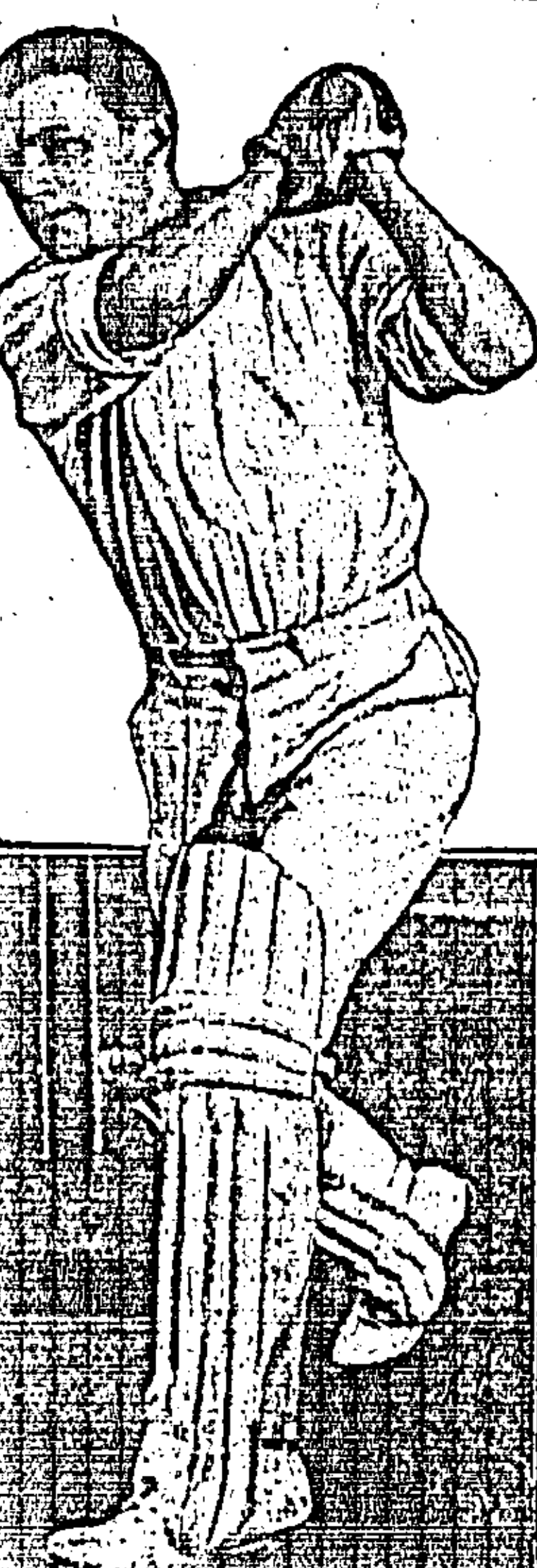
Bradman began to score more freely and it was a far different Bradman from the hesitant batsman who began his innings before lunch.

He went on to his 50 out of 84 in a hundred minutes by driving a half volley from Bedser, which sailed over the turf for his second four. Then he turned Young to leg and put Australia in front.

Bradman's footwork was a joy to see. He frequently walked into his off drive against Laker and cleverly placed his shots out of the fieldmen's reach.

The batsmen began to look as though they were in for a long stay when Yardley decided to take his first turn with the ball, and he broke the partnership in his first over. Yardley's fourth ball of good length went more quickly off the pitch than Brown, attempting a back stroke, anticipated, and Brown was leg before. Australia's fourth wicket fell at 185, when they stood only 20 runs ahead of England.

In trying to sweep Young to leg both Hassett and Bradman mistimed their strokes and sent the ball in the air near the unattended short fine leg position.



BRADMAN IN ACTION

## Ashida Cabinet In Danger

Tokyo, June 11.—Political observers today predicted the early collapse of the Cabinet formed on March 9 by the Democrat leader, Mr Hitoshi Ashida.

Yesterday, Mr Izoemon Kimura, Secretary-General of the Democrat Party, resigned because he had "lost his confidence in Mr Ashida and the other members of the party."

Today Mr Sushiro Nishio, the Deputy Prime Minister, was reported to have said he was leaving the Cabinet for fear of involving the Social Democratic Party in complications over his "political donation."

He is alleged to have violated an Imperial Ordinance by not registering a 500,000 yen gift as party funds.—Reuter.

### EDITORIAL

## Public Opinion In H.K.

It is not often we are given such a refreshingly comprehensive first impressions of Hongkong so candidly expressed in public as those uttered by Mr Charles Loebeby to the Y-men's Club on Thursday. Mr Loebeby said what a lot of people have thought for a long time, but for some reason or other have kept these thoughts to themselves. The critical section of Mr Loebeby's impressions centred around the absence of public opinion. Government's failure to encourage open discussion and criticism of its policies and legislation, and the inarticulation of the Unofficial members of Legislative Council. The points were well taken, although Mr Loebeby will probably come to find in due course that public opinion is not so much stifled as it is wilfully quiescent, and therefore dumb. Only once within recent years has public opinion really expressed itself, and then it was a scorching display of infatuation and frustration. The occasion was the resentment felt by the husbands over the evacuation of their wives in 1940. They became really annoyed and, many will recall, held several public meetings at which Government were well and truly castigated. The demonstrations did not achieve anything tangible, but they did serve to illustrate a characteristic of the Hongkong mentality—that so-called public opinion here only becomes vociferous when some imposition is enforced, or some suspected injustice done which intimately affects the private life of the individual. But should official policy or action cut across the communal life public reaction is invariably born apathetic. Government is true, does nothing to stimulate public interest in its own affairs, or healthy criticism of itself, and the same accusation can be levelled against some of our organisations

whose activities profess to be in the interests of the public. For example there are a number of reputable debating societies in Hongkong whose standards of oratory and argument are high enough to attract public interest. Seldom, though, do any of them seize on least topics of the day for general discussion; they prefer to debate the fatuous and immaterial, such as the undecidability of sex equality, the deplorable level of modern manners, and such like. Government's policies and its legislation which daily affect the lives of the community are left severely alone, and Government finds itself with only one serious critic—the Press. That public opinion is virtually non-existent in Hongkong is primarily ascribed to the lack of the community and civic spirit. But for this deficiency Government must take a full measure of blame. It has never been seriously encouraged; instead Government has persistently fostered the docile acceptance of what is known as a benevolent bureaucracy, where the citizen accepts what is offered him in the way of public services without asking too many questions. Moreover the Hongkonger has been kept in a tight little position in the administrative and social life of the Colony, and from time to time their interests have even been made subservient to those who have come to Hongkong to get what they can out of it. Against such a background it is no wonder the Colony is communally unconscious and cynically indifferent to that which does not directly affect the individual life. But perhaps Mr Loebeby's pertinent criticisms will prompt whatever progress-minded people there are in Hongkong to start a movement designed to promote vigorous and articulate public opinion. It would be the best thing that could happen to this Colony.

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# Chapman Pincher

THE PINCHER household comprises (besides a wife and baby) a dog, ten goldfish, a parrot and six hens. But the Pincher approach to the household gods is perhaps a little unusual. . . .

IN every flock of chickens there is a social order ranging from the recognised top-bird to one which is looked upon by the rest as the lowest thing that clucks.

The top chicken asserts its superiority from time to time by pecking all the others, which show their respect by moving out of beak reach or accepting the peck without retaliation.

Next to the top chicken is one which pecks all the rest except the despot. And so the social scale descends to the bottom, where resides a chicken which is pecked by all, and pecks none.

## The boss bird

WHO shall boss whom is decided almost from the first moment two chickens meet. Sometimes there is a short scuffle, and one bird retreats, signifying its acceptance of domination by the other.

But usually the business is settled in a more gentlemanly way; one chicken automatically gives way and the other knows it has agreed to submit permanently. The boss bird may clinch the deal to its satisfaction by giving a token peck, or the whole thing may go through without any apparent ceremony.

What goes on in a chicken's mind before it submits? Does it check the size and vigour of its run-mate against its own courage? Does it decide to submit because it just can't be bothered to fight at the time?

We do not know the answers to these questions, and it is most difficult to guess them. For it is not always the bigger and stranger bird which becomes the boss. Very often it submits without a struggle to an obviously weaker specimen.

In the hen-run, as in the Services, seniority tells. If one of two birds

## JESTS AND JEERS

Macao at the moment seems to be just full of golden opportunities.

Many a reputed bridge expert has turned out to be just a good engineer.

Sometimes a man marries a mate only to discover his wife is a skipper.

Those who find it difficult to live within their means may be comforted by the knowledge that there are others who find it equally hard to live within their credit.

Overheard: "Is she as pretty as she used to be?"

"Oh yes, but it takes her much longer now."

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is immature and the other fully developed, then the older bird usually dominates. This state of affairs persists even if the younger chicken—perhaps belonging to a heavier breed—becomes a stronger and finer specimen than its master.

The ability to bluff—also a Service quality—is a great asset in the hen-run. The chicken which puts up a big show of squawking and threatening often lords it permanently over birds which could undoubtedly beat it up if it came to a serious fight.

## Hen-pecked

BRIGHT colours help in this bluffing business. The cock birds of those poultry breeds where the males are much gaudier than the females seem to find it easier to avoid being hen-pecked.

And cock birds sometimes are hen-pecked. A male bird in a flock of hens is usually the boss, but careful observation of some flocks shows the cockerel to be near the bottom of the pecking order.

To discover the peck order, observation has to be careful and prolonged. The chickens must be marked with different coloured rings on their legs so that there can be

no doubt about who pecked whom in a particular encounter. A large number of watches must be kept over several weeks to get sufficient results for accurate analysis. Usually the top ten birds or so are firmly fixed on the social ladder. They know their places and they keep them. But sometimes there are minor revolutions among the lower orders, and a bird may go up or down a few rungs, though as a rule only temporarily.

As in most societies, there are freak cases. Careful watch may show that the obvious top bird is regularly pecked by one of the lowest fowls in the run. This odd state of affairs seems to date to a day when the bully bird was off colour and happened to make its first contact with the lowly chicken.

Not feeling like a fight on such an occasion, it may have sheered off, leaving the other bird with a psychological advantage which endured. Of course, the top bird may decide on a show-down later, but this rarely seems to happen.

## Social climbers

THOUGH a chicken stands a good chance of getting a nasty prod in the eye by making up to a fowl above it in the social scale, it prefers to risk this rather than mix with inferior birds.

Chickens live in the pecking order, and they have more social contacts than lower-class birds.

When two cockerels from a mixed flock were put in separate wire cages, hens almost invariably gilded up to the bird with the higher social position. But other cockerels put in the run usually tried to make friends with the under-bird. If a chicken society leader falls sick, or in some other way loses caste, it may be unsent. Then it suffers the usual fate of tyrants. The other birds shun it socially, and may peck it to death.

## INCIDENTALLY . . .

HENS can see colours and like red but hate blue. They are blind in the twilight, which is why they go to roost so early. Experts can tell a hen's age by its feathers. Hens have no sense of smell. If kept in a dark room littered with food they wouldn't know there was any there and would die of starvation. As for my own hens, this year's egg output is 4.8 eggs per day from six birds. . . .

## I'm Pretty Tired Of Paying Twice

By James Cameron

UNTIL they reintroduce the hangman there are few more lacerating interviews any man can have, right now, than that with his child's future schoolmaster. As things are, he has to fight for it; like a dentist's appointment it is tough to get and tougher still to enjoy.

One of the more farcical paradoxes of this bewildered age is the so-called school problem.

A rational society—perhaps this one, any generation now—would not tolerate a situation where a man has to struggle and enjole and invoke the names of better-off acquaintances in order to manoeuvre his child into an institution of which, in his heart, he does not much approve anyway.

A rational society would provide enough schools, good schools, for everyone.

A rational society would consider schoolmastering an occupation worth paying at least as much for as, say, a dealer in horseflesh.

A rational society would not condone the extortion of suckers—money from well-intentioned but socially timid papas by enterprising and successful pedagogues.

A rational society—but there, idle dreams.

For myself, I am lucky; I have only three children, that is to say I shall have to toll on only for about another fifteen years before the last of them is ready to scratch a living for himself. In the meantime the twin obligations remain: to pin down a school prepared to make brain-fodder of any such problematical risk as a son of mine, and to pay for it, at the average cost of £200 per year per brain.

THIS is, of course, senseless. I have no right to do it. As a socially conscious member of my community I should resist this silly convention that a child has to wear a graceless cap and a foolish tie to prepare himself for, say, selling insurance or digging drains.

There is no end to that argument. There are schools at hand which cost nothing, which are as likely to turn out silk purses from sows' ears as to peck, to the sociological convictions, indeed to common sense.

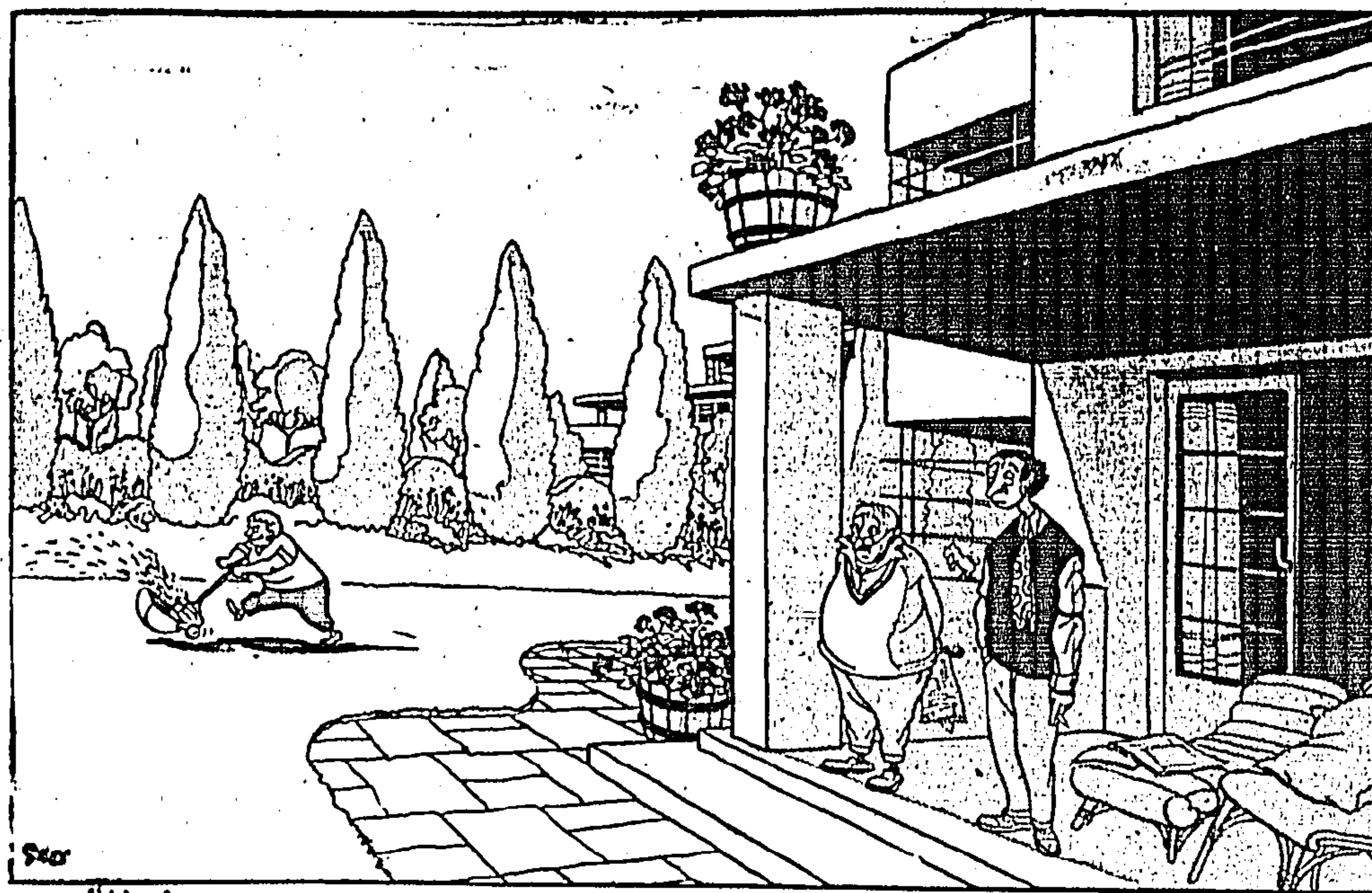
So countless men of good will with bright faces are forced into a decision which is painful to the pocket, to the sociological convictions, indeed to common sense.

The decision has to be made on the final principle that no pupa, however self-righteous, has the right to play penny-ante with his child's future.

OF all periods in mankind's history this is the damndest one on the conscience.

Soon, very soon we hope, the parents' conflict will be resolved because the inequalities no longer exist; you will get no advantages from either Harrow or Harley-street.

But the transition period puts a fabulous strain on the principles, not to mention the pocketbook. Particularly as those not yet adjusted to the New World must pay twice for everything—once because they have to, twice because, until the millennium, they don't take risks.



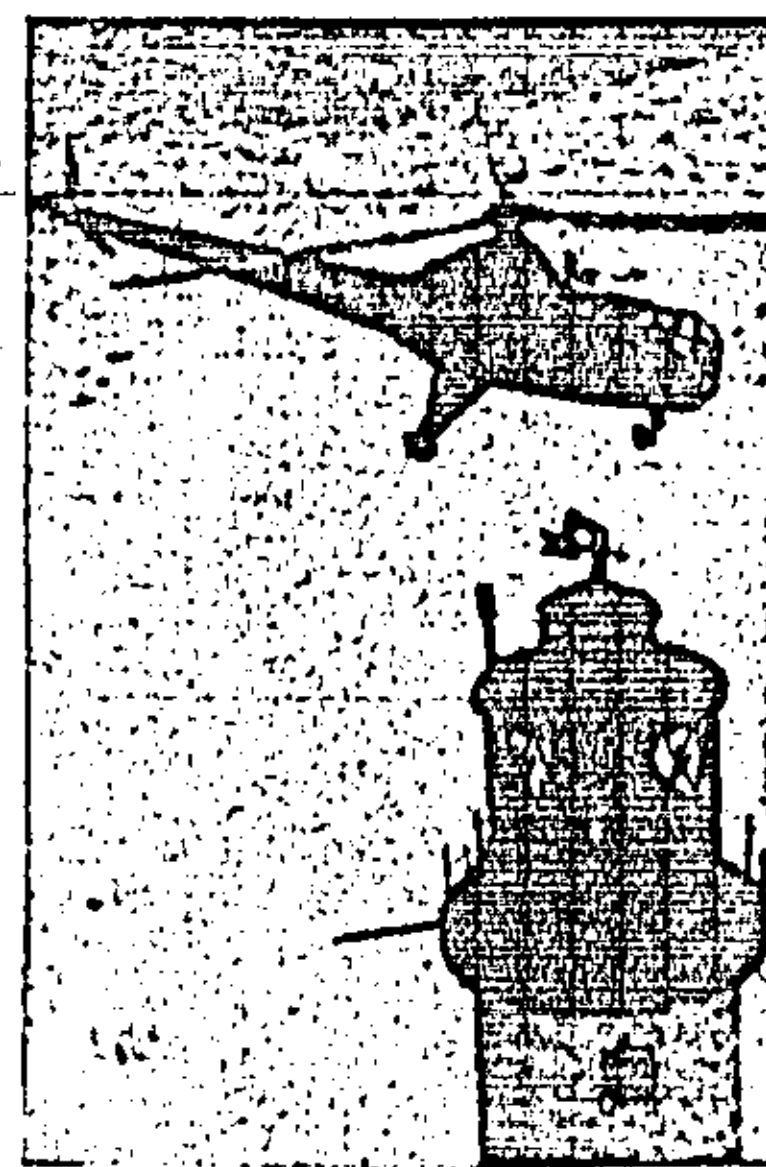
"My boy—these remarks about women, their extraordinary silent courage, without which the country could not exist and all that—don't tell your mother."

## From the News Cameraman's Angle

The job of the news-cameraman is even more fascinating than that of the reporter, says GEOFFREY JENKINS of the Rhodesia Herald, who describes his adventures in Britain with some of these men, who will go to almost any lengths to get an unusual 'angle' or a 'scoop'.

SEVERAL months ago, I described my impressions of the world's largest newspaper office—about the handling of news—inside that office. But now I want to tell you something of the complementary side, the 'garnering' of news from the highways and byways.

I think 'garnering' is the right word, because news is like wheat; it is harvested by one set of workers and then—if I may pursue the simile—it is treated in the granary by another.



An aerial photograph of the relief, by a helicopter, of Wolf Rock lighthouse, off Land's End—a picture that made history.

other set. And news-gathering has this also in common with wheat: you often find that you reap where you have not sown—and that is generally the news which hits the headlines!

In Fleet Street, I have been going about with the news-cameramen, whose job is even more fascinating than the reporter's, for the public relies on them for the unusual, the new 'angle', the picture of an event which reaches the front page, not only in Fleet Street but throughout the world. It is not only a question of how quickly these men can press the camera button, but how soon they can be on the spot, and achieve that ambition of every newspaperman—the 'scoop'.

During my stay with them, I have been out to see many things—from a kidnapped baby to a surrealist art-school; from a film star's wedding to Becher's Brook at the Grand National; from a dog which wears a mink coat, and has its nails manicured, to seeing Mr

Churchill return from Morocco; from a sunken ship in the river Tees to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace.

I have had some exciting moments, as well. I have even hung out of an open window in a 'plane as it swooped over a Russian grain ship off the Nore. But even this pales beside the adventures of the men with whom I travelled.

One of them, Stanley Devan (who, incidentally, covered the royal tour in Rhodesia and South Africa), was the first cameraman to fly round the world, and he is one of the finest aerial photographers in Fleet Street. Recently, he made picture history by photographing the relief, by a helicopter, of Wolf Rock lighthouse, off Land's End.

## Thrilling Trip

MY most thrilling trip was when I went out in a lifeboat to the Goodwin Sands to a wreck. Perhaps you know that none but the lifeboat crew go out, and observers and pressmen are not allowed on rescue occasions. However, it was arranged that a cameraman and I should be treated to a special launch, and go out with the Deal lifeboat to most of the wrecks on the Goodwins, particularly the Italian vessel *Silvia Onorato*, which had gone aground a week previously.

Before I tell you of the launch, I must introduce the cox, Fred Upton—a fisherman, with greying hair, in a blue reefer jacket and a peaked cap, and with one of the most humorous smiles I have known.

Fred Upton's own bravery and skill are all but a legend in Deal, and the crew are all the same type—brave, having little to say of their rescues, cheerful and friendly.

The actual launching of the lifeboat is a thrill; there is no slipway at Deal, only greased railway sleepers, loose in the sand. I was standing on deck when the pin was knocked out of a heavy chain holding the stern, and we shot down the sleepers like an express train and into the water with a tremendous splash.

Miles out at sea, on the fatal Goodwins themselves, my

impression was not so much of the sea, but of a junk-yard, for there are masts, superstructures, wreckage, and fragments of ships everywhere. There was only a slight sea running, but the lifeboat bobbed like a cork. Presently we were along the *Silvia Onorato*.

It was amazing to see the steel plates twisted like cardboard. I scrambled aboard, but I did not stay long, since the picture of a wrecked ship, after the sea had broken over it for a week, was not very pleasant. They told me that Fred and his men had stood by the *Silvia* for twenty hours, in gigantic seas, before they were able to rescue the crew.

## Very Cold

It was clear but very cold as we left the *Silvia*, and away to the north-east two schooners were among the ships going down the Channel. Thinking of my history, I remembered that it was just here that Blake defeated Admiral Van Tromp, and tied a broom to his mast head to show he had swept the Dutch from the seas.

A word more on Deal. I was listening, that evening, over a glass of French cognac, to fishermen's tales in an old-world tavern when a tall, husky fellow in a naval duffle coat said: 'You'll find the Goodwins in Shakespeare, you know—Merchant of Venice, and he quoted: "Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwin, I think they call the place; very dangerous flat, fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried."

I have been fortunate in being able to go round the film studios at Denham, Gainsborough, and Pinewood, and to be on the set during the actual shooting of films. If you were to ask me my over-all impressions, I would say: 'No glamour, only a great deal of hard work.'

## Film Work

AT Gainsborough, they were shooting the last scenes of *The Blind Goddess*, the stars of which are Michael Dennis and Clara Bloom. I was surprised at all the trouble they take about things which seem to the visitor to have no importance whatsoever—even the principals' footmarks are chalked in, and they must move exactly according to these marks. They must turn, they must act, they must move strictly according to plan—all to fit in with camera focusing, lighting, sound, and a host of technicalities which mean nothing to the outsider. And all this must be done in front of an army of camera-crew, electrical engineers, sound engineers, and 'props' men, not to mention the director and producer.

The same short scene probably does not get more than two or three minutes, and is shot five or six times running at the whim of the producer. How the stars do it, I cannot imagine, or how they can pick up their emotions from a previous scene, which may have been shot weeks before.

It was interesting at Pinewood Studios to watch Richard Attenborough at work in an open-air scene—they call it being 'on lot'—which had been built to resemble a London street. From the front, it was perfect: the shops, the railway bridge, the garage, pedestrians and cars coming and going, and tenements and a gas-works in the background. I had a shock when I went behind, however, for there the 'houses' were just a few pieces of wood and plaster, the gas-works

chimney was a length of ordinary gutter down-pipe, swaying slightly in the breeze.

On another occasion, I went to Buckinghamshire to see something which was far from an illusion—rows of six-inch shells stacked by the roadside, rusting away, where they had been left during the war. There was a dump during the war, and the cameraman and I laughed at the so-called 'fire precaution service': beside a pile of shells sufficient to sink a cruiser, were two brooms, bound with an oilskin, and two fire-buckets in a rack. A stirrup-pump to put out the fire of London would have been just as appropriate! Actually, the story was a failure, as no one at the farms round about seemed to care a jot whether or not the shells went off or just rusted into dust.

You probably know that a photographer will do almost anything to get an unusual 'angle'. My experience of one such 'angle' was far from pleasant. A Spanish tramp steamer, the *San Nicholas*, was being salvaged from the river Tees, at Middlesbrough. From a photographer's point of view it was just a routine series of pictures, but over the Tees at that point is the Transporter Bridge—several hundred feet high—from the top of which is suspended a cradle which carries passengers and cars.

We were taking some last pictures, when my colleague looked up at the bridge and said: 'There's our picture. Let's climb on top.' Up



A pigeon on the first stroke of its flight, its wings touching under it

and up a narrow steel ladder we went, and then, hundreds of feet above the water, walked across a narrow cat-walk, while the whole structure swayed as the cradle rattled across!

I was fortunate in being with the cameraman who took one of the pictures of the year—in 1948 so far, that is. You may have seen it, for it aroused—much interest. We photographed a pigeon on the first stroke of its flight, its wings touching under its body and bulging with the pressure of the air, and its head wholly enveloped by its wings. For concentrated action it was unparalleled.

From every conceivable place and on every possible occasion, these harvesters of news go out to reap—it may be a murder, it may be a film star's wedding. It may be flying over the North Pole, it may be a new fish at the Zoo. I have been with the men who see the angle and the picture in a flash, as quickly as they press the shutter, and I have found these moments to be among the most exciting of my career.





**CHINESE SOCIETY WEDDING**—The most colourful wedding of the season was that which took place last Saturday between Mr Edward Kong-oi Eu and Miss Peggy Pik-kit Ma. The groom is a son of the late Mr Eu Tong-sen, millionaire philanthropist, and the bride is the oldest daughter of Dr and Mrs Ma Chiu-ki. The couple are seen above during the religious ceremony at St Margaret's Church. Right: the happy newlyweds leave the church under a shower of confetti. (Telegraph Staff Photographer). Below at right, Dr T. V. Soong, Governor of Kwangtung, congratulates the young couple. (Golden Studio)



PICTURE taken after the wedding last Saturday at the Kowloon Union Church of Mr James S. Wilson, of the China Navigation Co., Ltd., and Miss Sylvia Patricia Bowden, of Perth, Western Australia. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



**REGISTRY WEDDING**—Mr Patrick Herbert Hegarty and his bride, formerly Miss Vivienne Rosemary Rowe, photographed at the Registry Office on Monday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



DR Kaan Sze-kin and his bride, Miss Ann Cheung, photographed with their attendants after their wedding recently at St Mark's Church. (Francis Wu)



RIGHT: Mr Michael T. O. Wong and Miss Ng Lai-jan, who were married at the Registry last Saturday. Mr Wong was awarded the British Empire Medal for outstanding service to the Allied cause during the war.



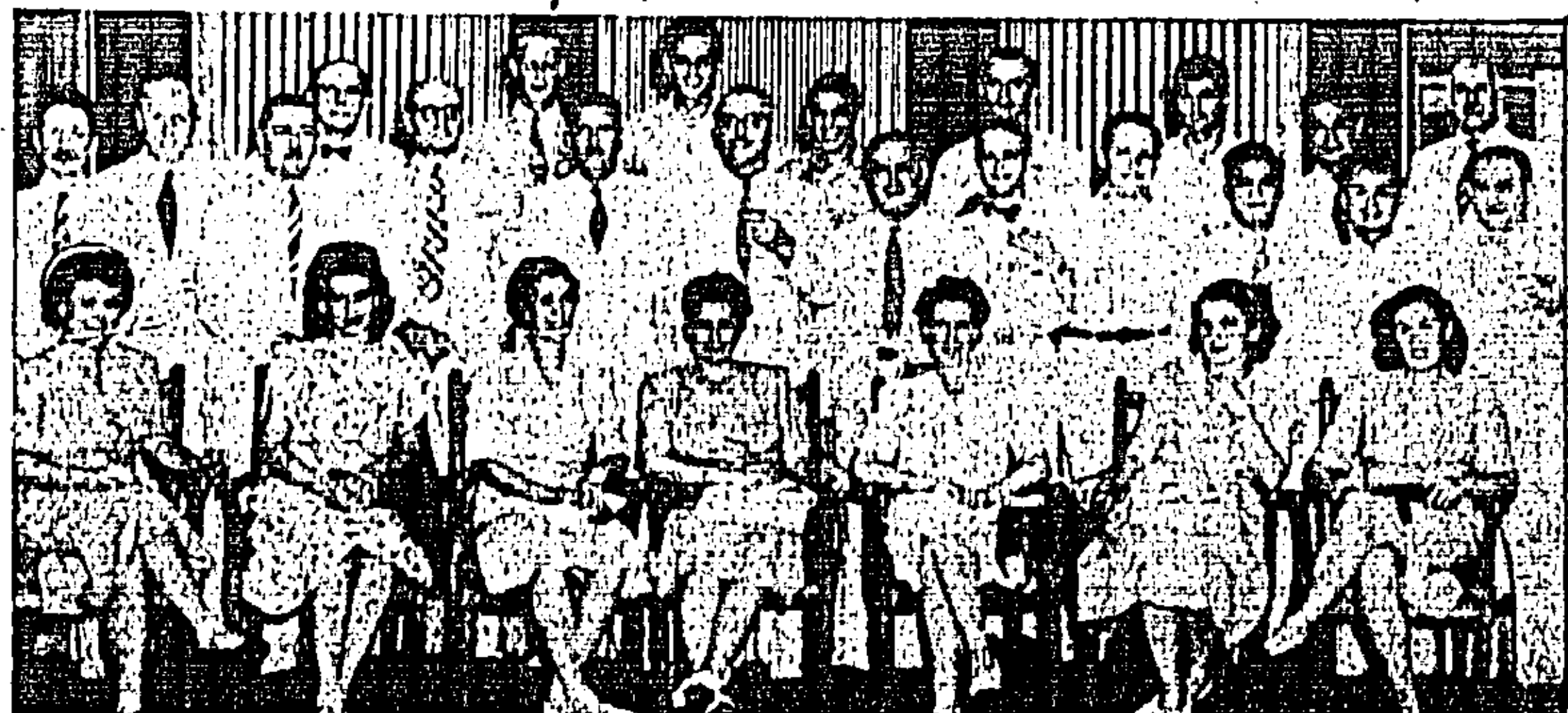
MR J. Moodie reading an account of the war experiences of HMS Bonaventure at a recent tiffin meeting of the Kowloon Rotary Club. (Golden Studio)



LEFT: Picture taken at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, after the wedding of Mr Frederick Arthur Broadbridge and Miss Leander Wong. (Francis Wu)



HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, addressing the large gathering that attended the opening of the Hongkong Social Welfare Council's new centre in Hospital Road last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GUESTS who attended a party given at the Hongkong Hotel last week to celebrate the gift of a son, Alfred Valentin, to Mr and Mrs A. Blattmann. (Ming Yuen)

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## WOMANSENSE

THE SUNSHINE LOOK

# At last, we get a style

—AND IT IS CHARMING

by CAROLINE FOX

THE look called new is getting over its growing pains — becoming wearable, presentable and refreshing to the eye. And that is great comfort to those who were beginning to lose hope.

A few weeks ago, sadly I wrote of fashions to the right and left of me. Now, gladly, I report their demise.

Where they have gone is anybody's guess. Those little bits of paper as precious as cash effectively prevent them being put in the dust-bin, where many of them belonged by all natural laws.

So I can only conclude that their wearers, who started out more daring than wise, suddenly caught sight of themselves in a shop window, and stampeded home to do a bit of toning down.

Now the growing-up look has made its own interpretation of the classic suit — and very nice it is, too; destined for a long and useful life.

Its skirt has all-round pleats that cling smoothly to the hips while giving a lovely sense of movement at the hem; its jacket has gently rounded shoulders (good balance between the square of a guardsman and the droop of a doorman); and equally gently curved hips — no pads to port or starboard, no sails billowing out.

I have seen it in grey flannel, fresh with white pique or brilliant with citrus yellow and grey checked taffeta. . . . in white with navy and white checked blouse, cool and collected. . . . and in scarlet as gay as a dingly's sail.

## 'Swansdown' Wool

RUNNER-UP is the full-skirted frock with matching jacket — not the gathered peasant skirt that cries out for a kerchief around the head and a pre-war middle-European accent — but something much more subtle. . . . a skirt that is full without being bulky and light-hearted without being coy, which means it has taken a lot of designing.

The jacket may have roll collar, tiny revers, or no collar at all, but white ruffling at throat and wrist. It may be fine wool (newest wools are light as swansdown) or linen or print.

It has great charm in all of them, and does kind things to every age.

If only hats will do a little pruning too, it will be fun to go out again without dark glasses.

First pruning might be of the mixed annals that have sprouted on crown and brim and even on veil — remarkably prolific.

A wreath of daisies around a crown may have an ingenious appeal, but when they festoon the veil as well, they go too far. And when pearls are sewn on the veil for good measure there is nothing more to be said.

## The Boater

HAT of the season — the ubiquitous boater — looks at its best when its clean lines are permitted to be seen. It has the advantage of adaptability, too, sitting candidly on the back of the head or perching straight on top.

That's one of the comforting things about the new hats — you wear them as you please. If you have got used to baring your forehead, that's fine. If you are hankering to shade that treasure, that's fine too.

But if you want to avoid looking like the first ten women you meet every time you go out — eschew the

bunch of flowers — dress up your hat with veiling or rather organdie or pleated pique ruffle or clear cut quill instead.

New accessory notions are fun — two or three leather dog collars joined to make a belt — outside gilt buttons and buckle on linen dresses. . . . treble rows of plain white beads to encircle the throat — better than pearls with summer sports clothes.

pearls threaded into squares instead of chokers (use wire does the trick) . . . a long stole of the same material as an evening dress, to cover the shoulders on informal evenings, to drape over the head on windy ones (the same idea would be good with beach clothes — protecting from too much wind or sun) — printed cotton gloves to go up anything plain — shallow little printed skull-caps, to match dress or beach suit. . . . half-and-half blouses, made of two pastel remnants — half pink, half green, cool looking — as a Neapolitan ice.

I HAVE SEEN. . . . glass fabrics that are waterproof, rot-proof and fireproof, made from fibres so fine that they are almost invisible, so strong that single strands can scarcely be broken by hand.

nylon tennis shoes that do not require whitening. . . . a mothproof solution for carpets and upholstery that is also proof against damp and mildew. . . . a home dye that will even dye rayons, nylons and plastics, instead of leaving them pallid shadows of their former selves!



# A Flare for the Dramatic

TWO HATS with interesting brims which flare above the coiffure, are dramatic millinery in Nicole de Paris' current collection. Nikki has the flair, the hats have the flare, to top off your warm weather frocks. Right, hand sewn white straw, with orange, green and black grosgrain bows; below, shiny black rough straw, with turquoise velvet ribbon over the brow, and bowed across the brim top.



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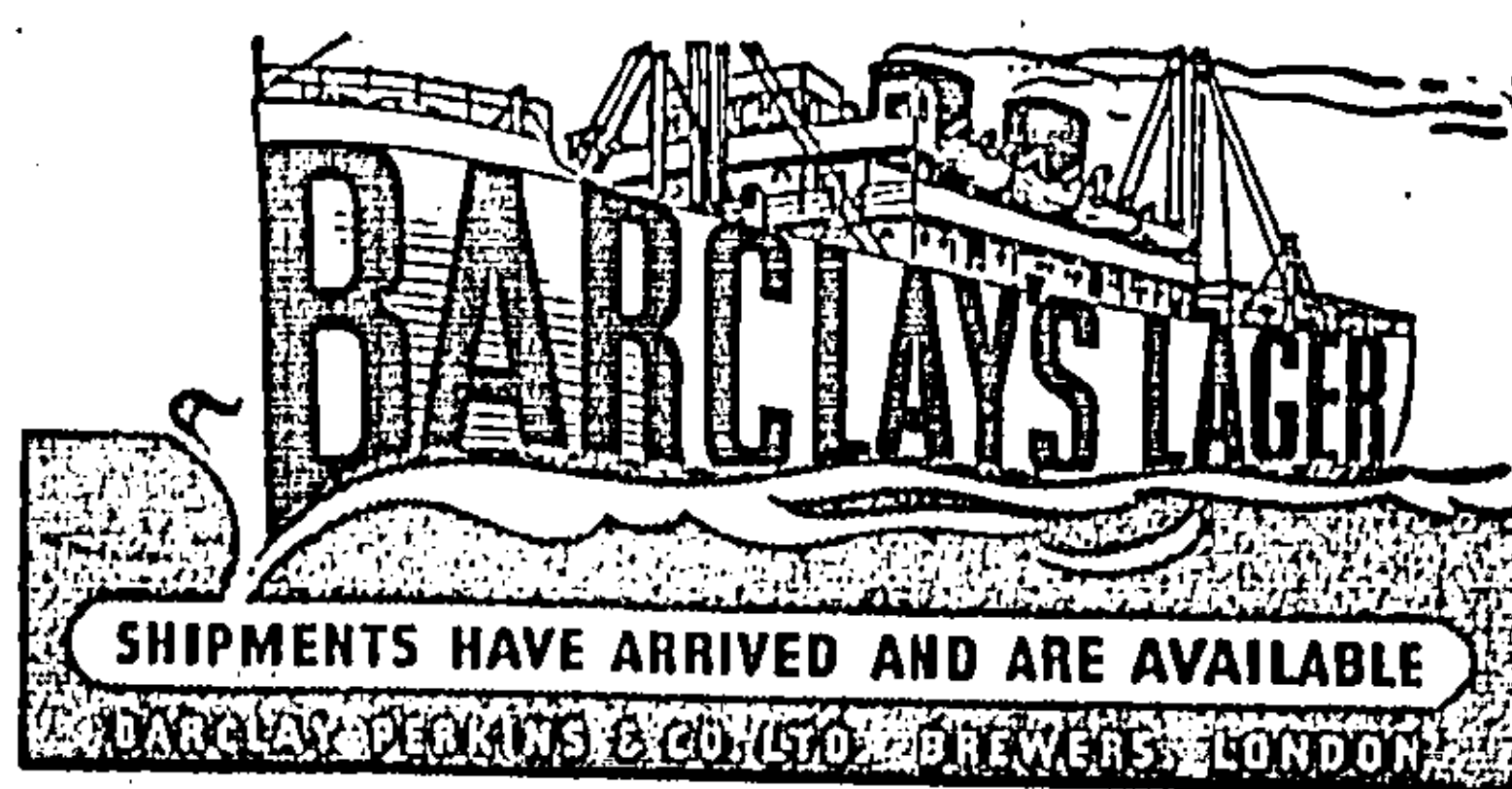
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## White Silk Shantung



Marie Boyer

By PRUNELLA WOOD

THE tricolor takes over this classic white silk shantung coat and dress, edging both with navy shantung, adding an over-shoulder handbag of red, with both navy and white accents.

The ensemble will prove a standby for any summer wardrobe, afloat or ashore, and with its handbag accessory is particularly apt for wear when a hat is not a comfortable addition although one wishes to look smartly outfitted from top to toe.

## NYLON NEEDS LIGHT PRESSING

BY ELEANOR ROSS

THERE is something that is perplexing many women as they go shopping for a new iron. They want to know why many of the newest models have

a temperature setting on the dial for nylon, when one of the virtues of that wonderful synthetic is that it requires no ironing. Well, although it doesn't really require ironing, have you experimented and found that it is all the better for a light pressing with low heat? This goes especially for nylon wearables such as neckwear, negligees and blouses.

Coming on the market soon is a line of table linens of nylon that have the overall lustrous surface of fine damask, but that are infinitely more practical than this fabric. They wash in the well-known jiffy but to look right do require light pressing with a low iron to look smooth and table-right.

## NYLON THREAD

Sewers like nylon thread, but here again, a spot of caution is in order. Nylon thread on nylon is fine, but if you use it with cotton, linen or any other fabric, remember that that nicely-stitched seam may melt under a very hot iron.

When using nylon thread on a sewing machine, see to it that the needle is suitable — a needle suitable for No. 70 or No. 80 thread is appropriate. And loosen the upper tension of the machine slightly so that it is adjusted to the natural elasticity of nylon thread. When vacationing, nylon wearables, nylon thread and a travel iron should make for easy care of a holiday wardrobe.

## SEWING CURTAINS

Use nylon thread when sewing nylon curtains, for any other thread may cause shrinking or puckering of seams. As for removing stains, any agent that ordinarily removes stains from any fine fabric should work on nylon, too. But, as with other fabrics, it is wise to pre-test on an inconspicuous place to check on colour or finish. When dry-cleaned by a good professional, you may be sure that the result will be perfect for the dry-cleaning industry has worked out the proper formula for care of this fabric.

When it comes to home washing, remember that socks or sweaters of nylon can go right in with the regular wash since they don't require shaping but will return to their original dimensions. Hot water won't harm or make nylon garments stiff. Even those delicate nylon velvets can march into tub or washing machine. If a garment is made of nylon blended with another fabric, it will be tagged accordingly and there should be washing and cleaning instructions. Usually, the method of washing is determined by the fibre with which the nylon is mixed, whether it be silk, wool, cotton or rayon.

When storing nylon articles, wash or clean them and store away in a cool, dry place.

## A NEW MILLINER — Via DEBRETT

LONDON.

A NEW HAT designer announced herself in Bond Street the other day. The notice outside the door says, "The Lady Newborough Ltd."

Described as "speaking 14 languages, an artist in oils, a successful horsewoman, an air pilot, and a musician" — it is only fair to add that she can also make some nice hats.

The mannequins at this hat show were all unprofessional, "just personal friends doing the job for the sheer love of it." If the Lady Newborough would take a word of advice from me I would say — get professionals on the job next time. It's almost always an error to employ unskilled labour on skilled work.

Most amusing point from the show — the Ascot hats in famous racing colours. For example: A hat called Prince Aly Khan was in green straw with red garden roses. Less amusing were the prices — from 15 to 50 guineas.

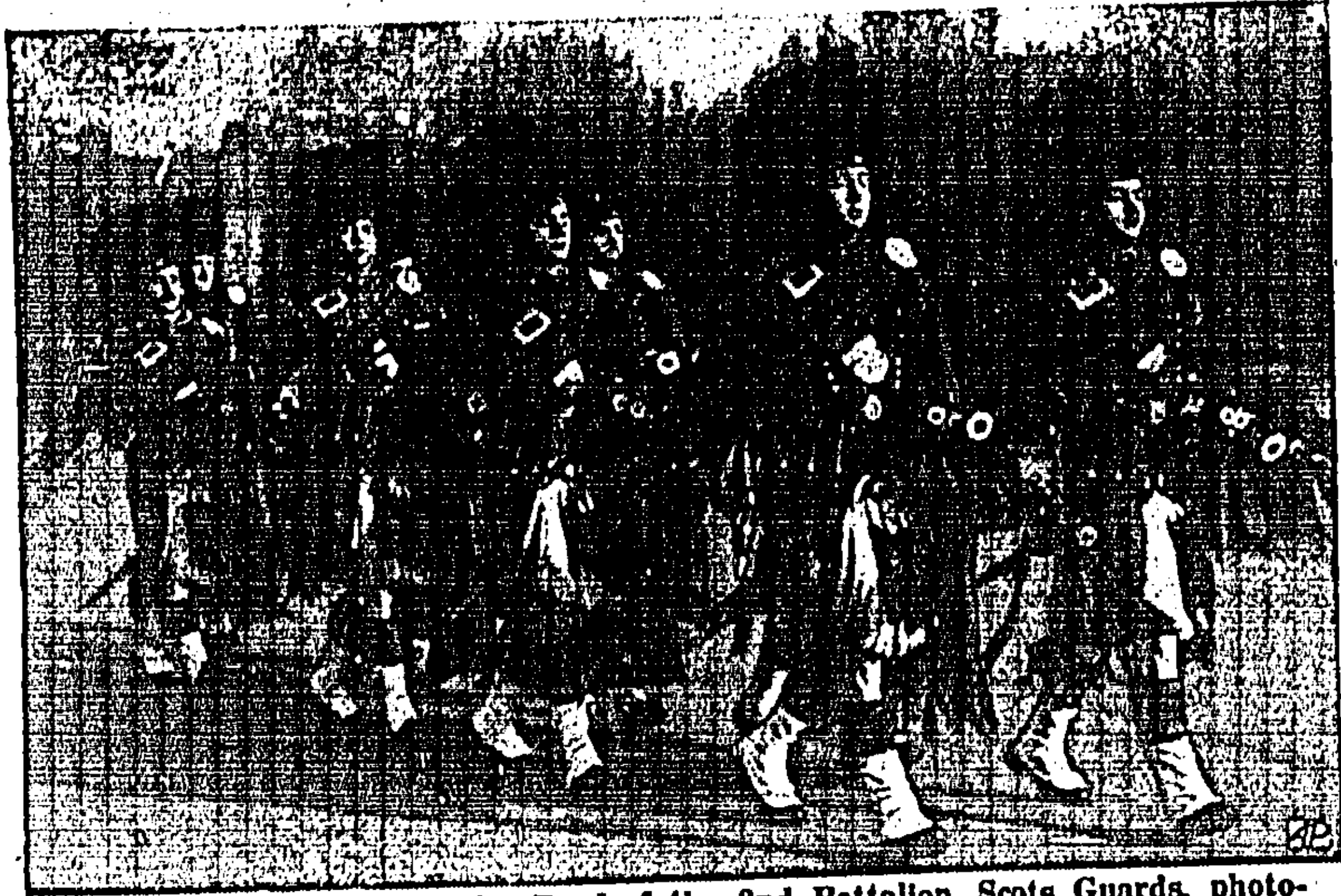
IDEA (from Mrs. O'Brien, Margaret's mother) for anyone who collects those tiny bracelet charms. She had a jeweller make a neat golden Christmas tree, hangs on it all the good-luck charms that fans give Margaret, and wears it as a fob.

FAVOURITE catch-phrase in all Fashion departments now: "This is a copy of Dior, madam." Cost of importing a Dior dress into Britain for copying: in wool £250, in silk £400.

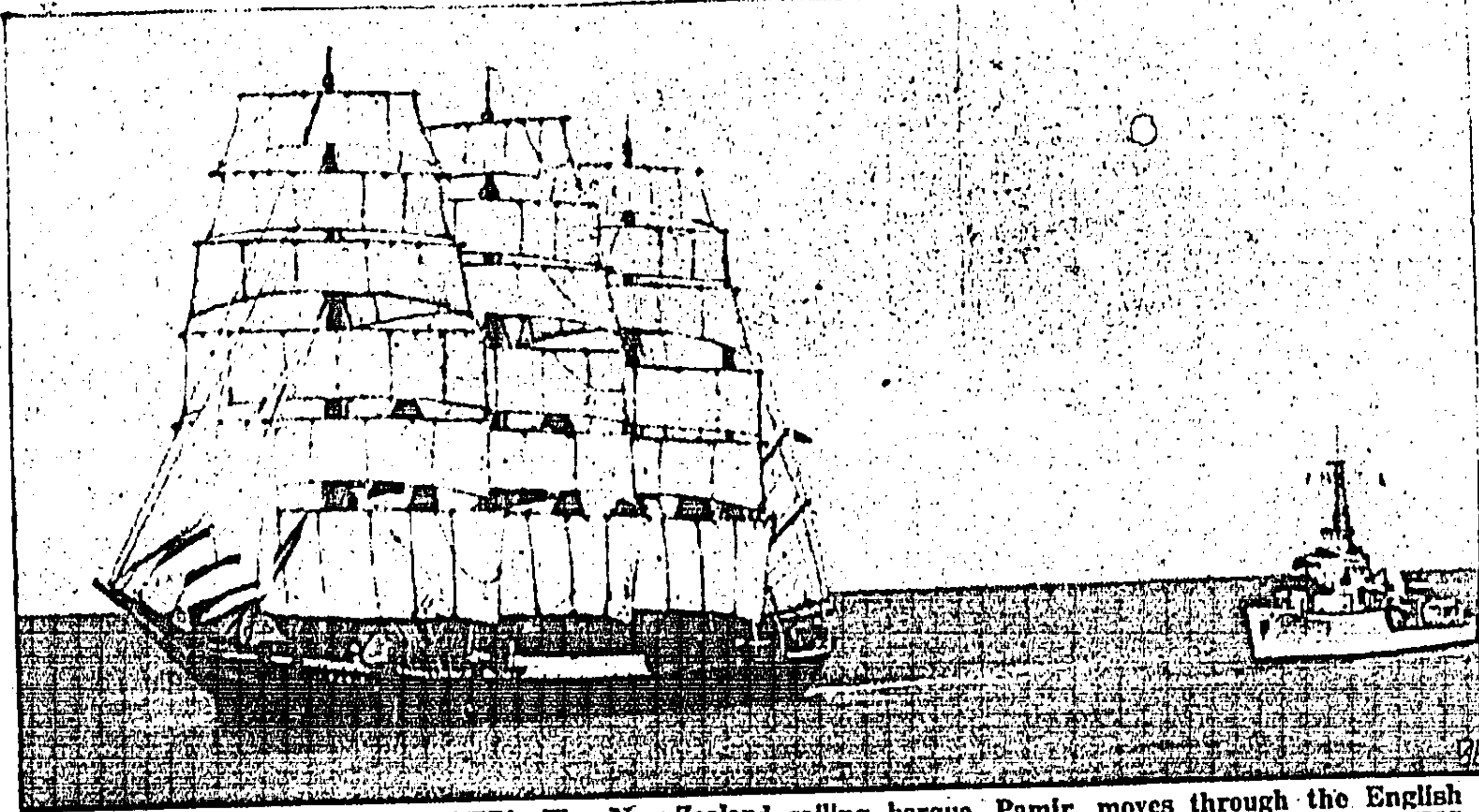
SALES-TALK. There'll be double deck chairs on the benches this summer — wingspan 42 inches. . . . stocking manufacturers in England have sold out all fully fashioned nylons they make between now and October. . . . someone has patented a way of cutting sleeves that substitutes bias material for the rigid sleeves seam. . . . home dyes have caught up on fabric makers — a new one claims to dye anything however ersatz. . . . on or off the shoulder blouses in white cotton dimity are the latest day-into-evening trick (done with eyelet ruffles).



# WORLD NEWS IN PICTURES



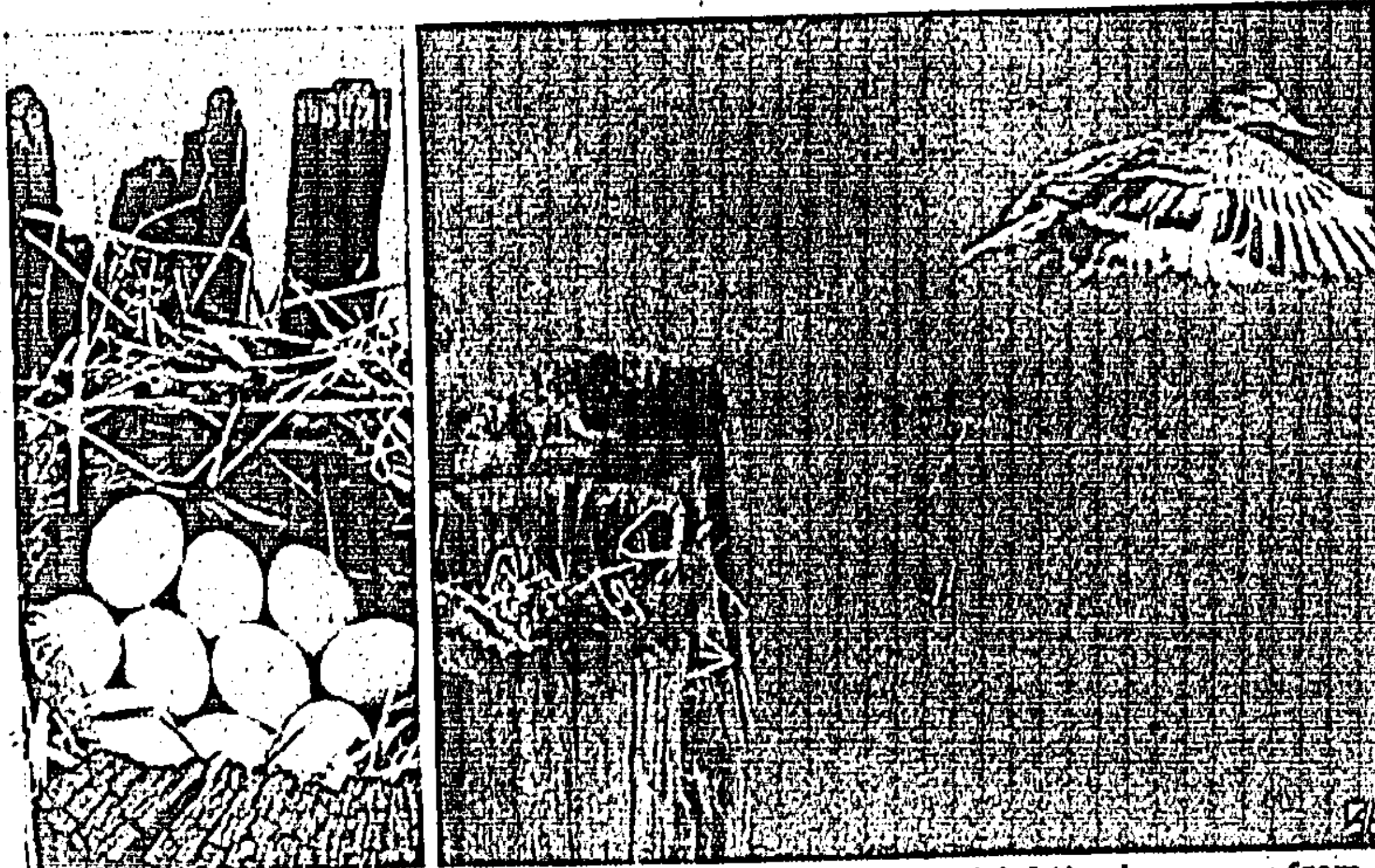
**DRESS PARADE**—The Pipe Band of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, photographed on full dress parade recently at Chelsea Barracks, London.



**ON HER WAY 'DOWN UNDER'**—The New Zealand sailing barque, Pamir, moves through the English Channel on her way home after loading a full cargo in London. The destroyer seen going alongside is HMS Zephyr, which delivered newspapers and took off mail.



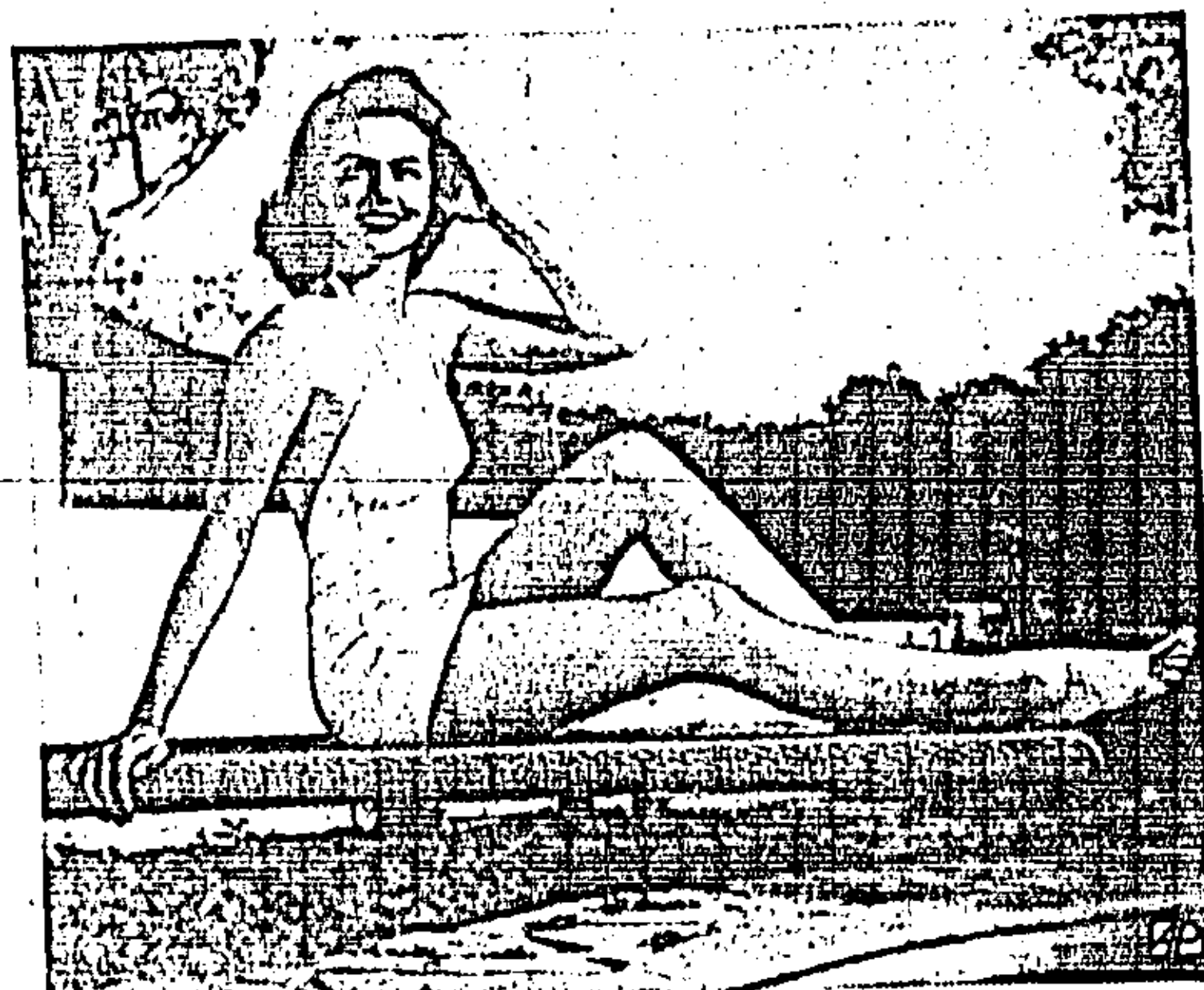
**TRAVELLERS CHECKED**—Three penguins from a New Jersey farm which were sent by plane from Philadelphia to Honolulu being checked on board by Stewardess Kay Powell.



**METROPOLITAN MALLARD**—A female Mallard duck (right) wings away from her nest on top of a wooden pile at a Milwaukee car ferry wharf, only a few feet from the busiest section of the city. Her ten eggs are seen in the close-up at the left, taken before she covered the nest with straw to hide it from curious human eyes.



**BASQUE DANCING**—Parisians engage in Basque dancing in provincial costume at the opening of the Pelote Basque season.



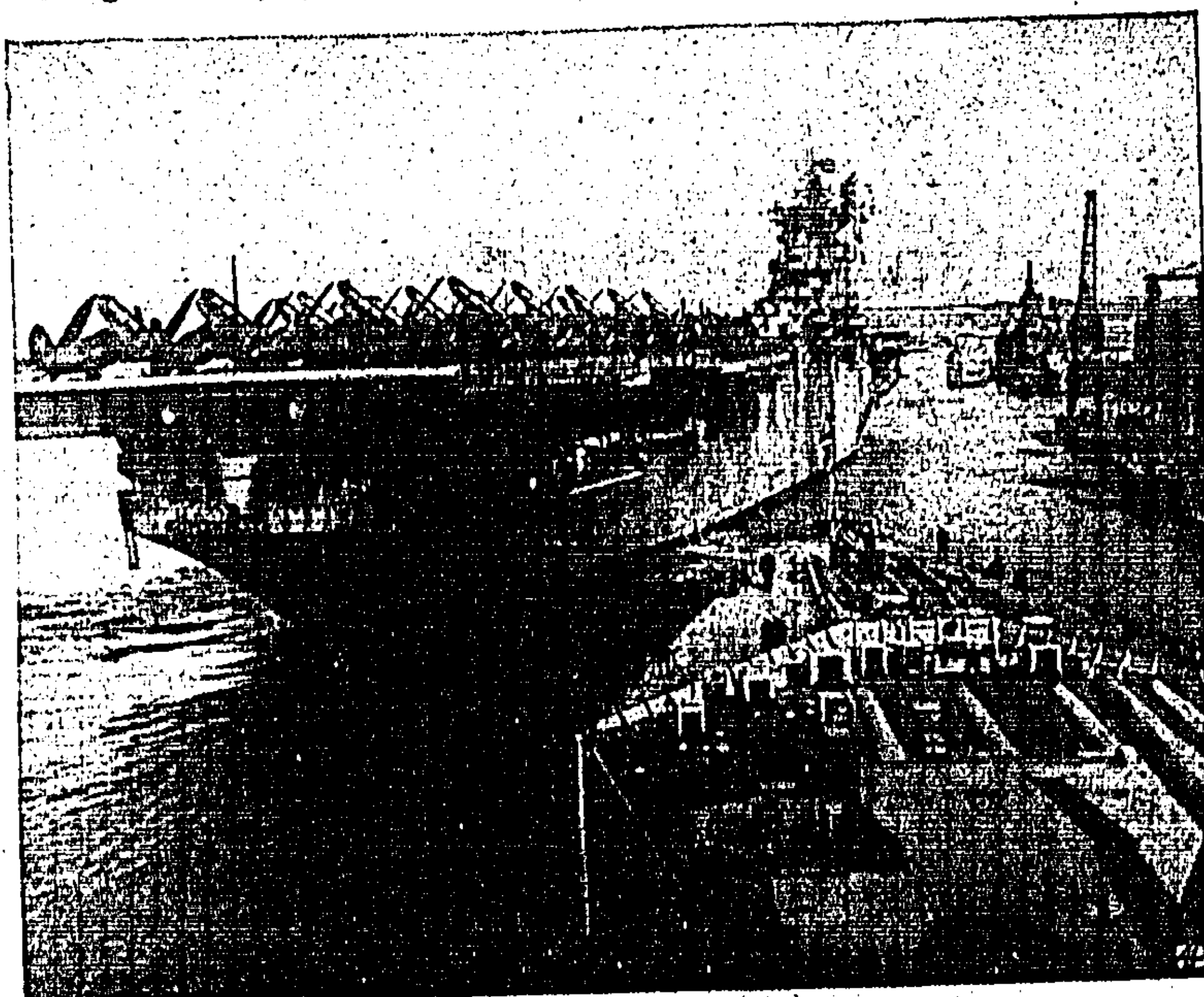
**READY FOR HER DIP**—Hollywood actress Dorothy Malone is caught by the camera in a new one-piece lastex bathing suit just before she enters the pool for her morning swim.



**COTTON-STEALING MOTHER**—Pilfering of cotton during handling has become quite common in Shanghai. Picture shows a Chinese woman, with baby strapped to her back, reaching out to snatch a handful of cotton from a truck in a Shanghai street, while a guard with stick drives other would-be pilferers away.



**SURRENDER**—This unusual picture taken at Greenfield Lake, Wilmington, North Carolina, shows a four-pound large-mouthed bass well hooked by a local angler.



**VALLEY FORGE IN ENGLAND**—The American aircraft carrier, Valley Forge, which visited Hongkong a few months ago, approaches her berth at Portsmouth naval base during her visit. In the foreground is the forward deck and guns of the British battleship, Duke of York.

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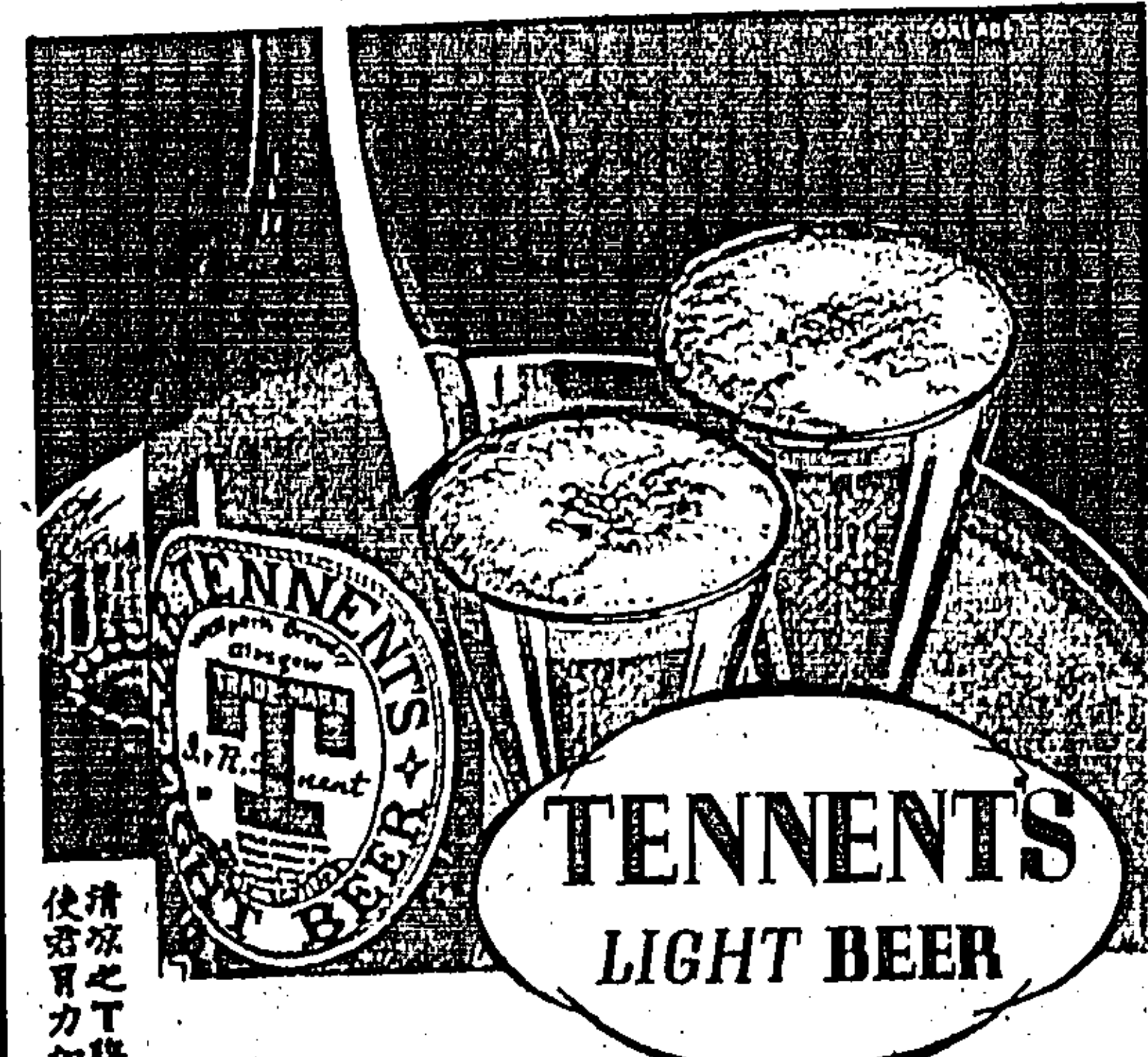
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## A Busybody Learns His Lesson

### MARK MISSED THE PLANE

BY C. J. RUSSELL

(Travellers in Africa often lead a chameleon on a chain. This baboon-like animal uses some mysterious instinct to locate water. If the travellers run short, the chameleon is fed salt wafers and grows thirsty. Then he pulls his leash and leads the thirsty human beings to a water hole. Thus the chameleon saves many lives.)

THE desert looked hot and dry and Mark wondered how his big brother Jim stood it.

"How do you stand it, Jim?" Mark asked.

Jim frowned. "Look sharp, Buddy," Jim said. He always called Mark "Buddy."

"I'm busy, you understand? I can't look after a little brother. This is business with me!"

"Oh," said Mark. "And another thing," Jim went on, "we've got to catch the plane for Avenna at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning. I've got a lot of work to do."

Jim shouldn't have said that. He might have known that Mark was brimming with questions and to bring an aeroplane into the conversation would cause an overflow.

Mark was a busybody. At home, he would pull open the oven door to see if a cake was baked. Or he would use the tyre gauge to see how much air the tyre of the car held. If the cake fell, or if the air escaped from the tyre, Mark was sorry but his curiosity was satisfied. Often he let his sister's cat out and sometimes the cat got lost. Or he would let the dog in on a muddy day and the family notice got covered with paw marks. Day after day, Mark minded other people's business.

MARK was always promising to behave. That was why Jim took Mark on this engineering trip, through the desert. Jim wanted to locate sites for petrol stations. At first, Mark behaved because he had plenty of things to stick his nose into besides bothering Jim. But Jim seemed to be doing such interesting things, and Mark had to find out about everything. Right now the plane had priority.

"A real plane?" Mark asked. "Of course," Jim laughed. "We have to take the plane so we can get home ahead of the crowd, which travels by the way. We have to get word lined out for the men before they get here. Of course, we might be delayed—if we don't find a water hole, but if Chucky does his work we won't have to worry."

"Who's Chucky?" asked Mark. Jim realised that every time he opened his mouth, he gave Mark



The baboon sat up and scolded loudly.

another reason to ask questions. "I haven't time to answer all your questions, Buddy," he said. "I've got work to do. Run along and mind your own business!"

Mark ran along, but he didn't like the idea of minding his own business, especially since so many things were going on. Jim and the other engineers were peering through instruments standing on three legs. Mark felt that he was being neglected. Everyone was so busy and he had nothing to do.

Mark decided to explore the camp. There was one tent with its flap closed that looked interesting and mysterious. Mark went to the tent. He called. No one answered. Tents shouldn't be closed at this time of day. They should be open to air out. With the flap closed the tent would get unbearably hot inside. Mark lifted the flap.

INSIDE the tent was a baboon fastened to a long chain. As soon as the flap of the tent opened the baboon sat up and scolded loudly. He pointed to his dish of food and then lifted his paw, threw back his head and pretended to drink. He paused and stared at Mark.

"You poor, poor thing!" exclaimed Mark. "They've forgotten to give you a drink of water! And you've nothing but salt wafers in your food dish. Never mind, Mark will give you some water!" Mark poured some

water from the nearby bottle into a flat dish. Mark watched the baboon drink. In scarcely a minute the dish was empty. Mark filled it again. Before the baboon sank back satisfied, Mark had filled the dish three times. Then Mark put the water dish back where he had found it and left the tent.

Late that afternoon Mark saw his brother leading the baboon out towards the other engineers. At the evening meal the engineers had not returned. The stars came out and at last Mark went to bed in his brother's tent.

A LONG time later Mark awakened. His brother was talking to a man just outside the tent. "We can't leave tomorrow," said Jim.

"I'm sorry, Jim. I can't understand it. The chameleon never failed me before. Why, I've travelled in absolutely uninhabited sections of South Africa with him and he always found a water hole—always! All I had to do was to keep him waterless on a salt-wafer diet! Always, Jim!"

"Sure," answered Jim's voice. "I believe you, Charlie. But he failed us today! The job is held up! I depended on your African chameleon to locate the water supply and now—well, who knows how long we'll be stuck here. And I have my report to make, too."

Mark jumped out of bed and went outside the tent. "Jim, is the chameleon a—baboon?"

"Go back to bed and mind your business for once," ordered Jim crossly.

"But I gave some water to a baboon, Jim," said Mark timidly. "I opened the flap of a tent that was closed. Then I saw the baboon. He was thirsty, and I thought someone had forgotten to give him water. So I gave him three dishes of water, Jim."

"Three dishes!" groaned Charlie. "Oh, my goodness! He won't hunt water until he's thirsty!"

"Then I won't get to ride on the aeroplane tomorrow, Jim?" asked Mark.

"You won't. And no one else will. I'm sorry, Charlie. I might have known if Mark was around he'd be minding someone's business. I'll send him home tomorrow. One truck driver can take him."

THE next day Mark climbed slowly up to the high seat of the truck for the ride home.

"I'm sorry to see you go, Buddy," said Jim kindly. "But this is important business with me. A day's delay costs money. Maybe you'll mind your own business from now on."

"I will," said Mark as he watched the keeper walk the chameleon around at the end of the heavy chain.

As the truck drove away, a plane zoomed overhead towards the airport. It was the plane Mark would have boarded had he minded his own business. Mark's lips were tightly shut as he watched that plane.

### Rupert's Island Adventure—10



When Rupert and Willie are free from the branches, the dwarf comes to them. He thinks for a few minutes and then seems to make up his mind. "So you want to build something, do you?" he murmurs. "I think you're just the people to make something. Would you like to make a house and see if you can help him?"

"Oh, yes, please," cry the little pals. "Where is he? When can we start?" Then the dwarf smiles and, leading them up a slope, points to a lake half hidden in a great forest.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## SWIMMING TIP



A rubdown with a rough towel before the swim tones up the body and makes you more able to resist chilly water. The pre-swim rubdown is excellent insurance against cramps caused by chill.

## YOUNG IDEAS

SAVE the pages of coloured comic papers and have fun with them.

You will need sheets of wrapping paper or any rough finish paper, a pencil with a thick lead, and a piece of the wax Mother uses for sealing fruit jars.

Choose the picture you want and cut a piece of wrapping paper just a little larger than this. Put the wrapping paper flat on the table and rub it all over with the wax, being careful not to miss any spots. Better put a sheet of newspaper under it first to protect the table top.

Now, put the comic drawing you have chosen on top of the waxed paper with the coloured side down. Fold it so it won't slip, and rub the pencil all over the back of the picture, pressing just a little. When you lift up the picture you will find

you have printed your own funny picture on the wrapping paper. Keep these funnies you print and you will soon have enough to make a book. Tie the pages (the pictures) together about an inch from the top and the bottom. Thread a needle with wool, push it through the edge of the pictures, then tie the ends together, and you will have a funny picture book, all your very own.

WOULD-BE swimmers who are tackling the sport for the first time are advised to "take it easy." Most water novices start whammung their arms and legs around until anyone would think swimming was a marathon race with special prizes to the most energetic. "Slow and easy" does it lots more thoroughly.

PIGTAILETS are playing a school-yard game called "The Worm and Early Bird." About 15 in all form a "worm" by placing their hands on one another's shoulders and keeping them there. The "early bird," a lone player, sops his arms and starts running. The worm tries to encircle the bird. If the yard is big, the chase is long and merry. If the yard is small, the bird must be spy. Should the line break, the early bird gets the worm and earns a repeat chase.

HERE'S a game that sounds easy, but don't believe everything you hear.

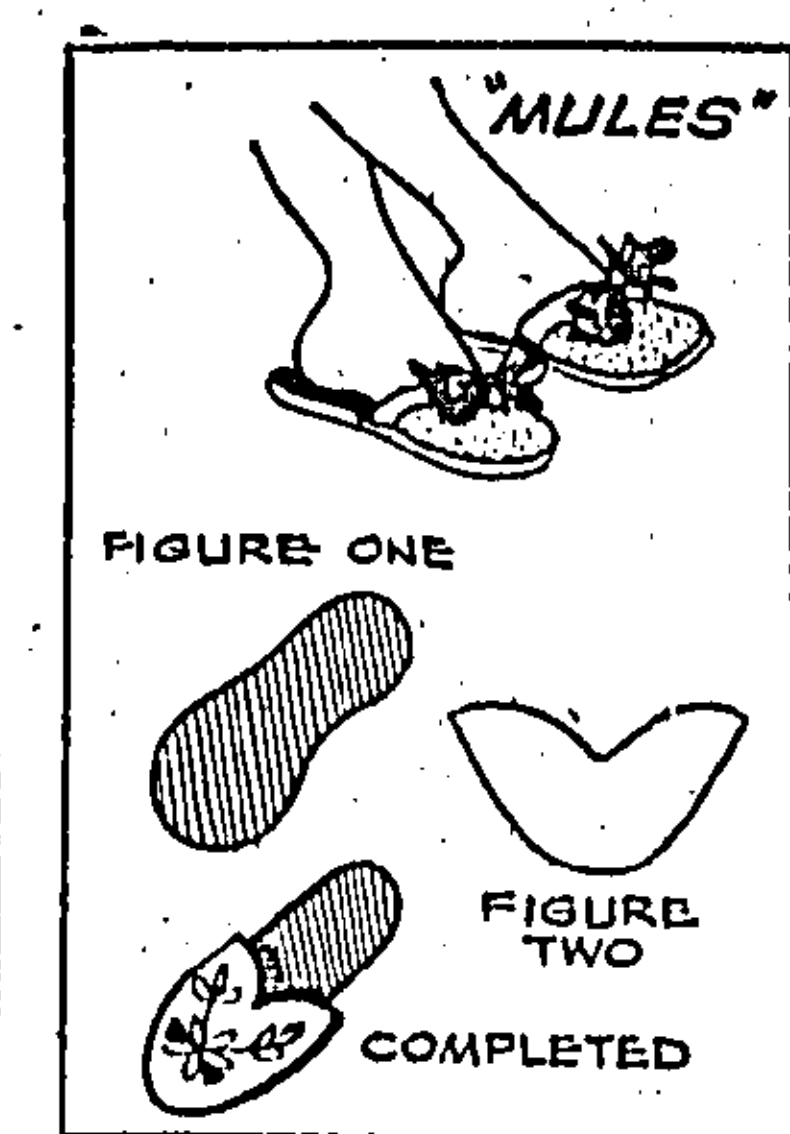
Take 16 toothpicks and place them vertically in a line. Players pick up one, two or three toothpicks at a time but never more. The idea of the game is to force your opponent to pick up the last one.

Two or three players can play, but if two are taking part you can force your opponent to lose if he picks up the fourth, the eighth or the twelfth toothpick. If you play first, always draw three, this will force him to take up No. 4. If he takes Nos. 4 and 5, you take Nos. 6 and 7, forcing him to take No. 8. If he takes Nos. 4, 5 and 6, you take only No. 7. The same operation is worked on Nos. 9, 10 and 11, forcing him to take No. 12. If he takes No. 12, he can never pick up beyond No. 14, so you take No. 15, and he must take No. 16.

If your opponent draws first and doesn't know the secret of the game, watch closely and once you have him on one of the "fatal" numbers you have the game clinched.

SHORT hair is still a headliner, according to the hairdressers. They say the teeners are wearing it pushed forward on their foreheads and cheeks. Bangs look terrific with this push-forward style but never wear bangs if your face is round or square.

## These Mules Don't Kick



THESE home-made "mules" are guaranteed not to kick, but you can get a "kick" out of making a pair yourself. From heavy cardboard cut four pieces shaped like Figure 1 in the illustration, a trifle longer than your foot. Cover these with rather heavy fun material for the soles. Cut two pieces from the cardboard shaped like Figure 2, measuring carefully to make them fit nicely over the front part of the foot. Cover these with fancy material to suit your taste. Then, with fine "sewer and over" stitches, sew soles and uppers together. A bow of ribbon, rosette, or bit of embroidery may be added to the front. These make comfortable, convenient bedroom slippers, and would be a welcome gift for mother or sister.

## JOKES

The teacher held a big, red apple in front of the class and asked: "Now, Freddy, suppose I cut this apple in two parts, then four parts, and each of the four parts into two parts, what would I have?"

"Applesauce," replied Freddy.

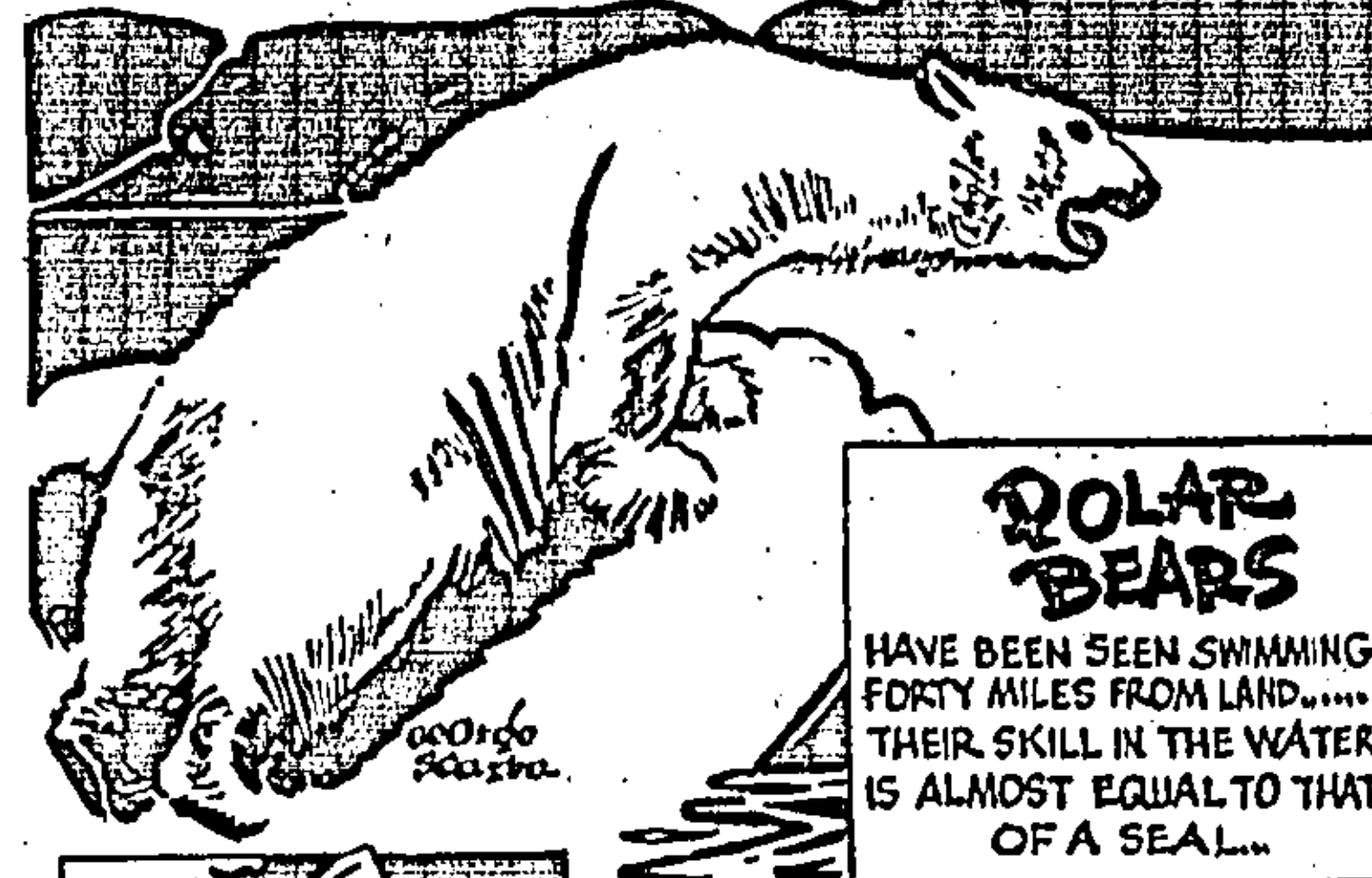
Patty: "What do you mean—you're father can lose himself in his work?"

Hatty: "Oh, he's an explorer."

Captain: "You can't take that baby skunk below decks. Just think of the odour down there."

Sallor: "Oh, that's all right, sir. He'll get used to it, same as I did."

## ZOO'S WHO



### POLAR BEARS

HAVE BEEN SEEN SWIMMING FORTY MILES FROM LAND. THEIR SKILL IN THE WATER IS ALMOST EQUAL TO THAT OF A SEAL.



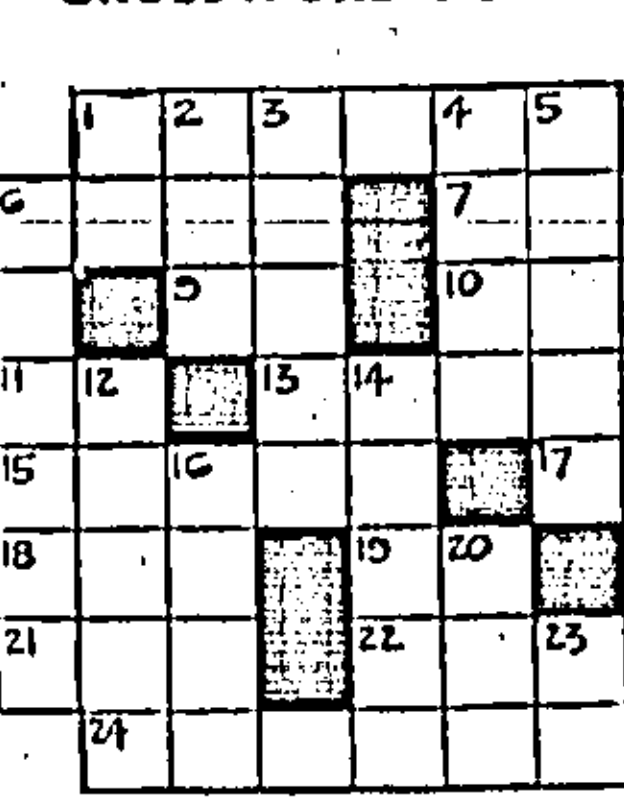
THE GLYPTODON, A GIANT SPECIES OF ARMADILLO WHOSE PREHISTORIC REMAINS HAVE BEEN FOUND IN TEXAS AND MEXICO, SOMETIMES ATTAINED A LENGTH OF FIFTEEN FEET.



THE CHIPMUNK GOT ITS NAME FROM AN OJIBWAY INDIAN WORD MEANING "HEADFIRST" BECAUSE OF ITS MANNER OF DESCENDING FROM TREES.

## MENTAL GYMNASIUM • • • Give Your Brains a Workout With These Sharp Puzzlers

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE



### ACROSS

- Land of Aloha
- Nimble deer
- Pair (abbrev.)
- Conclusion
- Universal language
- Sedate
- Command
- 101 (Roman)
- Island (Fr.)
- Alleged force
- Peruse
- Placed
- Sacred songs

### DOWN

- Laughter sound
- High mountain
- Not as good
- Notion
- Order of architecture
- Epic
- Spun, as in a whirlpool
- Lower deck of a warship
- Supernatural being
- Lairs
- River barrier
- Exists

### DEEP FEET

Why are tall men brighter than short men? Because you never hear the word "short—" but you do hear "length—"

Do the puzzle and find the missing word.

1	2	3	4
G	G	G	G
—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—

Read down: 1—A dress. 2—Courage. 3—A deep cut. 4—A narrow valley.

Now read across the third row of letters for the missing word.

### WORD DIAMOND

ISLANDS form the centre of our diamond. The second word is a "snake," the third "was indisposed," the fifth "hangs," and the sixth is an abbreviation for a dentist.

I  
S  
L  
N  
D  
S

ISLANDS

N  
D  
S

MIX-UPS

By rearranging the letters in the following strange lines, you will find two facts about Hawaii:

TWIN SLANT YES DINE HADIT IN DEN

SONIA LONE TO CAVE SIT CAM AIM VAULT ANA

### MISSING VOWELS

The words of our sentence were run together after the vowels were removed. Can you replace the vowels and re-form the sentence?

HWWSDCVRBYCPTNCK

### FUNNY FIVE RIDDLES

See how quickly you can answer this group of five riddles. You won't find them too difficult but if you need help, turn to the correct answers:

- What speaks every language?
- If an eraser and a letterhead ran a race, who would win?
- What goes from Boston to Albany without moving an inch?
- What horse sees as much in the rear as he does in the front?
- When has a farm boy the best chance to see his father's pigs?

## DON'T LOOK NOW—Here Are All the Answers

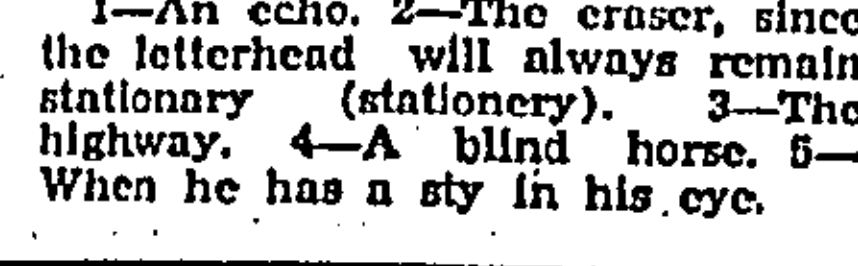
### Word Diamond:

H	A	V	A	I
H	A	L	O	D
E	P	R	E	N
R	O	S	T	A
O	R	D	E	R
I	L	E	O	D
C	O	N	L	A
P	E	A	L	S

### RIDDLE ANSWERS

1—An echo. 2—The eraser, since the letterhead will always remain stationary (stationary). 3—The highway. 4—A blind horse. 5—When he has a sty in his eye.

### REBUS



Use the words and pictures to learn four facts about Hawaii.

## Ting-a-Ling's Strange Story

—He Told It to His Friends, the Shadows—

By MAX-TRELL

KNARE and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-around names, were spending the afternoon in the garden with their friend Ting-a-Ling, who lived at the bottom of the Blue China Plate.

At the foot of the garden they could see the lake, shining and sparkling under the sun. When they asked Ting-a-Ling to tell them what the lake was called (for in Ting-a-Ling's country everything had a strange and beautiful name), he answered: "It is called The-Water-Where-The-Sunbeams-Dance."

And it was the name of this lake that reminded Ting-a-Ling of a story. He filled the tea-cups, and then he began:

"Once upon a time, long, long before any of us were born, there lived not far from this lake a girl named Fingers-That-Fly. Perhaps you wonder why she was called that name? It was because there was no one whose fingers flew so swiftly with a needle when she sewed."

Sowed Beautifully

"And not only did this wonderful maiden sew swiftly, but she also sewed more beautifully and cleverly than anyone in the world. Her stitches were so tiny, and her thread so thin, and her needle so sharp that when she sewed two pieces of cloth together, none could tell where they were joined."

"And often," Ting-a-Ling went on, "the delicate butterflies and the humming bees and the moths as white as moonlight, would come to her with their wings all broken or torn from the sharp bill of a swallow or a robin, and she would sew and patch them so prettily that they were better than new again. And so her fame spread far and wide, and everyone spoke of Fingers-That-Fly."

"And then one day," said Ting-a-Ling, "an old, old man came to her door. He was dressed in rags and he leaned on a heavy stick, and he looked like a beggar. But Fingers-That-Fly spoke to him kindly and asked him his wish, for she treated all alike, whether princes or beggars."

"Maiden," said the old man, "I have heard of your fame, and how wonderful are the things you sew. I wish you to mend the holes in this little silken bag. But I cannot pay you for your work. I have no money."

"Then Fingers-That-Fly asked to see the silken sack that he wished her to mend. He took from his pocket a sack no larger than a



"I have no money," the old man said.

handkerchief. But it was so finely and delicately woven that she saw to her amazement that it was made of cobweb. And as for the holes, they were no larger than those made by pin. No one else in the world could have mended holes so small. But finally it was mended, and the old man thanked her and went off.

"But the next day he came back and knocked on her door again and said: 'Maiden, you have sewn my silken sack so well that I have another wish to crave. I have a tiny net that is torn and frayed. Will you mend it for me? But again I cannot pay you, for I have no money.'

Like A Cup

"And again Fingers-That-Fly favoured him, and she saw that the net he spoke of was no larger than a cup with a tiny golden handle. And it was woven of a cloth finer than a wisp of smoke. But she mended it and sent him off with a smile. But all the while her fingers were flying, she kept wondering what he caught with his net and held in his sack. And then one day, as she looked out of her window at the shining lake—the Water-Where-The-Sunbeams-Dance—she saw what he was catching with his net, and holding in his sack."

Knare and Hanid interrupted to ask eagerly: "What was he catching and holding, Ting-a-Ling?"

"Sunbeams," said Ting-a-Ling. "And what did he do with them? I'll tell you. Late at night, when his sack was full, he opened it and let the sunbeams free. And lo and behold, the dark night was filled with flickering golden specks of light, with fireflies!"

"And that was Ting-a-Ling's story."

"And that was Ting-a-Ling's story."



When Rupert and Willie are free from the branches, the dwarf comes to them. He thinks for a few minutes and then seems to make up his mind. "So you want to build something, do you?" he murmurs. "I think you're just the people to make something. Would you like to make a house and see if you can help him?"

"Oh, yes, please," cry the little pals. "Where is he? When can we start?" Then the dwarf smiles and, leading them up a slope, points to a lake half hidden in a great forest.

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## RED RYDER



## Shool



## By Fred Harman



## IN THE HOME

- Informative
- Entertaining
- Exclusive

## Revitalise Your Lawns Now

By "FA-WONG"

It has been well said that a lawn to a garden is as a background to a picture. The expanse of smooth green sward has a special useful effect and a distinctive charm; it enhances the beauty of the surrounding objects, whether they be trees, shrubs or flowers.

The envy of your neighbour if you give it the necessary care and attention. In order to have vigorous, healthy and weed-free turf, the requirements are:

Timely application of fertiliser, sufficient water during the dry season months and proper and regular mowing.

There is no better time than the present to overhaul your lawn. Weather conditions are ideal. Renovations and proper attention given now will save you endless trouble and disappointment later on. If your lawn is unthrifty or your club sports field shows the results of excessive hard use during the winter months, no time should be lost to have it put in good order and ready for playing condition in the autumn. New turf should be ordered without delay, otherwise you may be left with the inferior grades.

## RE-TURFING

Choose a day when the ground is moist but not saturated and remove the old turf. The edges of the area to be relaid should be perpendicular and the best tool for the job is a half moon or edging iron. The local method of lifting new turf is by means of an adze like hoe and for very obvious reasons this method is far from satisfactory, as the turf so cut has sloping edges and not square as it should be. A special tool has been developed for lifting turf and if you do not possess one it can be easily obtained from a reputable garden supplies store or a recognised seed house.

Make sure that the turf is lifted of equal size and thickness. The soil of the area to be re-turfed should be loosened to a depth of three inches and levelled or, better still, take out the soil to this depth and replace it with a fresh, small quantity of sifted soil at hand. Should the turf be uneven in thickness, use a wooden hand mallet, say seven inches by five inches by two inches, to tap the turf close together with a level eye, and the job is already more than half done.

## ENCOURAGE HEALTHY TURF

Once the worn patches have been relaid, all attention should then be directed to the reconditioning of your lawn as a whole. Remember that grass is a crop and needs to be fed to give of its best. The average person has the mistaken belief that grass in lawns can subsist on little or nothing. Lawns of high standing have had constant attention, and your lawn can be

At this time of the year good lawns are marred by the appearance of worm casts, and although some satisfaction might be had from the fact that their appearance is indicative of a healthy fertile soil condition, constant riddling of the turf by worms will disfigure it and leave the surface soft and muddy. The damage cannot in every case be corrected by rolling. Besides being disgusting to a lawn, worm casts are ideal seed beds for seed weeds to germinate. There are several effective ways of clearing worms from lawns and some are highly poisonous. It is preferable to use products which are harmless to children and animals. A weak solution of ordinary household ammonia is effective, as also is the locally obtained "Chia Chai" which can be obtained at present day prices of \$30 a picul. It is supplied in cake form, and although it is a little tedious, they should be broken up to a fine powder and applied over the lawn during periods of heavy rain. Both these methods, however, require the hand removal of the worms which are brought to the surface.

## A LITTLE PEEK



During the visit of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Versailles to see the castle and be entertained for lunch, these three French youngsters tried to get a glimpse of the Royal visitors.—(Acme)

## WHEN TOT STARTS WALKING

By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D.

THE period between about 7 months and 20 months is a trying period for the child (also for the mother). During this time he goes through the various stages of learning to walk. Almost everything he sees he wants to touch and handle. But if well-trained, he has learned during this period to avoid numerous things and activities.

No matter how skilful his mother has been, inevitably she meets with numerous frustrations. The impact of these frustrations has been softened in proportion to the things he is permitted to have or do, the amount of time some person (usually his mother) has spent with him talking to him, saying rhymes, singing or playing records to him, cuddling or rocking him and, in the later part of this period, reading to him.

As soon as the tot can toddle he likes to be right where his mother is, "under her feet." He may tug at her skirts (which he can reach now) and whine and cry for her to stop and give him sole attention.

## PLAY PEN

Every child during this period should have a play pen in which to spend a considerable portion of his waking hours—for his safety and the mother's convenience. But while in this pen he likes to be where he can at least see some person, especially his mother. This is not always practical, even if the mother is home constantly. And the conscientious young mother usually is home all the time, the only person caring for this baby day after day. Therefore, he not only wants to be near and in sight of some person but this person must be his mother, he supposes.

More and more he may cry at her feet or from the play pen (even when he can see her). If she puts him out doors he may whine and cry to come inside. She may be driven almost to distraction with this child. Many mothers write saying so.

To the mother who would avoid or correct this problem: Dad should take as much care of this child as his time permits; others also should, if possible. When the baby begins to demand your immediate attention by day for his amusement get short periods for yourself when you won't go to him. Let him learn to wait and be sure that his crying can't command you.

## FOLLOW THE CLOCK

It will help you to post a schedule and follow the clock. At the end of each period, say ten minutes at first when the child is nine months old, amuse him for a few minutes then leave him for another period of ten minutes. After several days lengthen the periods. Let him whine and cry the while. That won't hurt him. By and by he will learn that his crying does not bring you but that you do come. He waits he will incline eventually to play with his toys. For the child who is a bit older the periods could be longer—never too long or too short, for good results. It can be an artistic undertaking for you.

Usually the mother goes to the youngster when she can no longer stand his crying and he discovers he can hasten her coming by crying more violently. Soon she may be so wrought up as to rush to him every few minutes, still fretting over her work. By holding herself to some definite plan she can help herself and her baby.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It saves waste motions and time to work from right to left—just the opposite for the left-handed. With drainboards on both sides of the sink or dish pans, dishes can be scraped or rinsed and piled at the right so that the motions in washing, rinsing, and placing in the drain flow easily to the left.

If brown sugar gets hard, you can soften it by placing it in a warm oven. Keep it soft by storing it in a glass container with a quarter of an apple to moisten it. Renew the apple as necessary.

To keep the bottoms of your copper pans sparkling clean, try a cork dipped in scouring powder. This is also good for removing black egg stains from your silver, as it doesn't scratch the metal.

Hubby's discarded shirt may be used for covers for dresses hanging in a clothes closet. Cut out the sleeves and sew up the seams and the shirt is ready to use.

Offensive cooking odours may be overpowered in whole or in part by burning several kitchen matches in succession, the experimental laboratory of a match company has found.

## SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND BABY



Now three months' old, Shirley Temple's baby, Linda Susan Agar, poses for her first picture with her mother. The baby's father is John Agar, who has joined his wife in the pursuit of a movie career.—(AP)



## Pointers On Rice Cookery

"CHEF, here's something I'd like you to read."

He scanned the marked paragraph in the magazine I handed him. "It says that people who insist on washing the rice they buy in packages are washing off the vitamins. The United States Department of Agriculture says packaged rice is already clean, and washing it wastes time and food value. Congratulations, Madame, you have now the official support of the United States Government in your method of cooking rice!"

## Recent Tour

"I really feel very good about this," I confessed. "For on my recent coast-to-coast tour, in every city I visited, from New York to San Francisco and from Los Angeles to Washington, D. C., I was asked whether or not rice should be washed before or after cooking. My answer was always 'No'—do not wash packaged rice; and the audience always looked astounded. You don't wash oatmeal or noodles or farina. Why wash clean rice? Some of the women said they washed it five times to get off the starch coating and other impurities. 'Nonsense,' I emphasised, 'what you are washing away are vitamins. Why waste time and food value?'"

## Chinese Way

"And some persons also wash the rice with cold water after it has been boiled," remarked the Chef. "Then they have to steam it up again. They must like to make themselves work. I like the rice the way my Chinese friend Charlie Wong cooks it. He puts 1 c. rice in a small kettle. Then he pours in cold water up to the second joint of his middle finger. No salt. Then he covers and boils fast for seven minutes. Then he uncovers and cooks very slow for fifteen minutes. The rice absorbs all the water, and is nice and dry and flaky."

## Asbestos Mat

"Why not put an asbestos mat under the rice to keep it from sticking to the pot?" I suggested.

"That is a good idea, but if a little sticks I add some soup stock and left over vegetables and make hurry-up rice soup."

"Another question I was often asked on my tour was how to make Chinese fried rice."

"That is a very good dish," said the Chef. "I think it is an excellent way for homemakers to use up left-over cooked rice with a little meat or shrimp, and it is very easy to make."

"We have some cooked rice and a little boiled ham in the refrigerator," I said. "Let's have fried rice for dinner."

"I have bought a little fish fillet. Would you also like a nice Chinese fish soup?" he suggested. "I'd love it! And the fish soup will help make the dinner sufficiently substantial. Let's have beans Chinese style too—and a cucumber and radish salad."

"And for dessert," the Chef suggested, "we can have some Chinese almond cookies from the package."

## DINNER

Fish Noodle Soup  
Chinese Fried Rice with Ham  
String Beans Chinese Style  
Cucumber and Radish Salad  
Chilled Canned Pineapple  
Almond Cakes  
Tea  
All Measurements Are Level  
Recipes Serve Four

Add 3 chicken bouillon cubes, 1/3 c. sliced celery and 1/2 c. thin-sliced carrot to 6 c. boiling water. Stir in 1/4 lb. fine noodles broken in inch lengths. Cover and boil 10 min. Meantime cut in dice 1/4 lb. fillet of cod, haddock or flounder, and season with 1 tsp. salad oil, 1 tsp. soy sauce, a few grains pepper and 3 tbsp. scallions which have been minced; use some of the tender green tops. Add to the soup. Bring to boiling point and simmer 6 min. Serve at once.

## Chinese Fried Rice

In a large, heavy frying pan heat 4 tbsp. fat or cooking oil, 1/2 tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. pepper. Beat 2 eggs until well mixed, but not frothy. Pour into the frying pan and slowly fry like a pancake until yellowed and firm. Do not let the eggs shred. Remove and cut into fine shreds. Meantime add 2 tbsp. minced onion to the fat in the frying pan, and cook-fry until yellowed. Add 4 c. cold, cooked flaky rice, 1/2 tsp. sugar and 2 tbsp. soy sauce. Stir constantly with a fork over a moderate heat until the rice is hot. Then stir in the shredded egg and reheat a moment. Serve immediately.

Chinese Fried Rice with Shrimp: Add 1 c. coarse-cut cooked or canned shrimp to the onion in the preceding recipe and finish as directed.

Chinese Fried Rice with Mushrooms: Add 1/2 c. sliced mushroom caps and stems to the onion in the recipe for Chinese Fried Rice, and finish as directed.

Chinese Fried Rice with Ham: Follow the recipe for Chinese Fried Rice, adding 1/4 c. diced boiled ham to the onion and finish as directed.

## String Beans, Chinese Style

Wash 1 lb. tender string beans. Cut off the ends. Break the beans into inch lengths. Heat 2 tbsp. chicken fat or vegetable oil in a heavy sauce pan. Put in the beans, and slow-fry over a low heat 1 min. Add 1 tsp. salt and 1/2 c. boiling water. Cover and let stand 3 min. Then remove the lid and slow boil 6 min., stirring often. Then water will evaporate.

## Cucumber and Radish Salad

To prepare cucumber and radish salad, peel 1 good-sized fresh crisp cucumber, and slice into rounds 1/2 in. thick. Add 1/2 c. cleaned thin-sliced red radishes. Mix with Chinese sweet-sour dressing, pour over the vegetables and let stand a few minutes. Then serve.

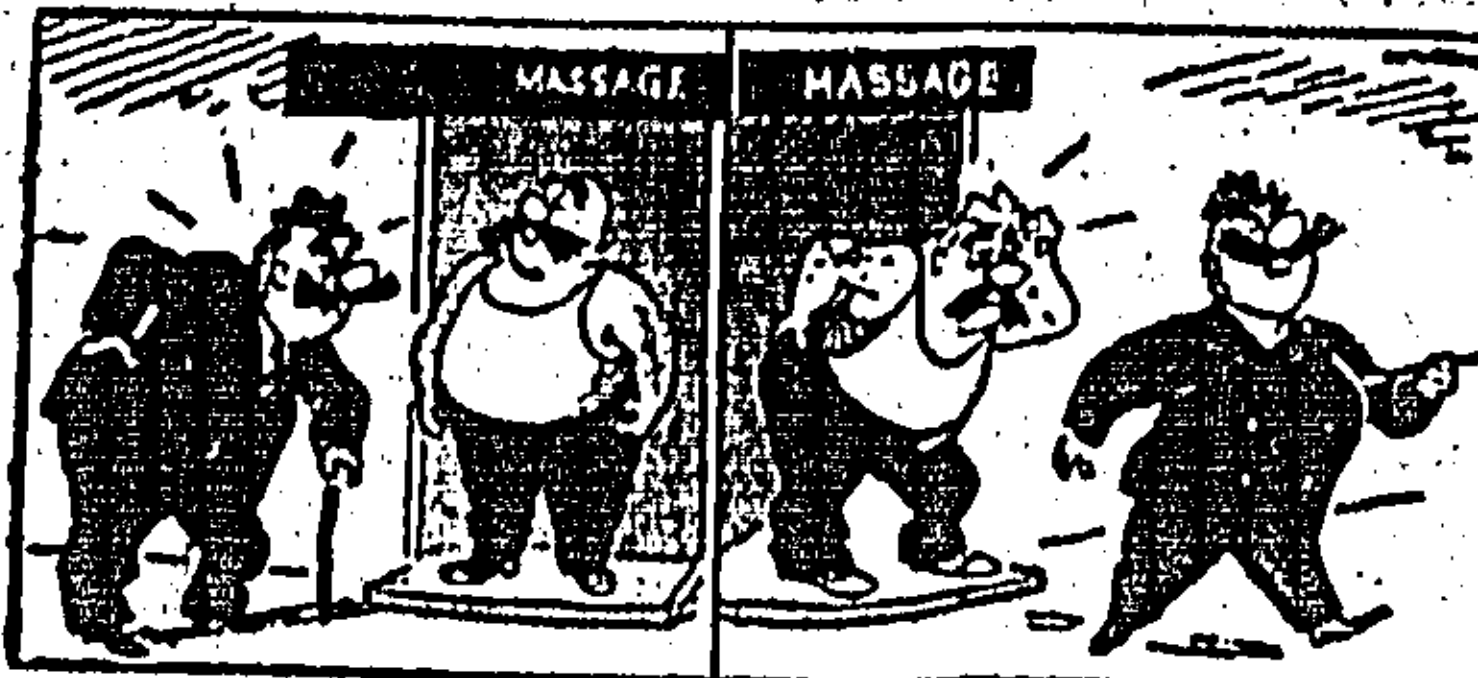
Chinese Sweet-Sour Dressing: Beat together with a fork 1 tsp. salad oil, 1 tsp. vinegar, 1/4 tsp. sugar and 1 tsp. soy sauce.

## TRICK OF THE CHEF

For a Chinese flavour that is very interesting, learn to use ginger. A little powdered ginger is very good to season chicken dishes and chicken soup, and a little candied ginger is good added to the sauce to serve with baked ham or roast pork.

## DAB and FLOUNDER

by Walter



## HAVE WAR BOOKS A FUTURE?

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

ALL over the world publishers ask themselves, as the time comes, they ask themselves to release on the public those war books which are piling up in manuscript form in the safe.

So far, the answer has come, a decisive and freezing "No." To people struggling with the peace, the dramas of the war are irritating rather than interesting.

True, there have been a handful of significant exceptions. For example, Trevor-Roper's "Last Days of Hitler" and Shulman's "Defeat in the West." The measure of success these books achieved seems to indicate that there is actually more curiosity about the war as seen from the enemy's side of the line than from our own.

And that is, after all, exactly what was to be expected. The immense wave of re-awakened interest after the first war was led by a German war book. It is likely enough that the same thing will happen this time.

## Unusual Interest

Will it be ushered in by two German war books which have just been issued in Britain? Probably not. They have arrived before their due season. Yet each is a narrative of unusual interest. The first of them, "To the Bitter End," is by Hans Bernd Gisevius (Cape, 18s.), who was formerly a Gestapo official, and was involved in the various plots against Hitler.

How much we have heard about them and about the "resistance movements" that were going to do so much—and did so little! Perfectly clear it becomes from Gisevius and from Ulrich von Hassell, once German ambassador in Rome, and author of "The Von Hassell Diaries" (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), that Hitler had precious little to fear from the plot.

The plotters chattered like monkeys. They wrote out lists of

the future German Cabinet, appointing one another to this post or that.

Half of the time they held that it was really not necessary to revolt (Hitler was so manifestly destroying himself); the other half, they were deploring that the time was not yet ripe. The generals could never make up their minds whether Hitler was a military genius or a lunatic.

What the situation needed was a reckless man with a bomb. And, out of the wreckage of war, he turned up. Count von Stauffenberg. A strange desperado, of whom Gisevius paints a picture made vivid by dislike.

## What A Nuisance!

He had been terribly wounded. He was cultivated and a Nazi. It would be a pity if Stauffenberg's bomb did not blow Hitler up. But, if it did, what a nuisance Stauffenberg was going to be!

How different a man he was from Von Hassell, who writes the diary of a steadfast defeatist. He is for ever gazing mournfully into the future over the tea cups

in princesses' drawing-rooms; for ever reading subversive little papers to subversive little societies. A brave, honourable and futile man.

Gisevius's book is more exciting. It has a wider sweep and some of the qualities of good detective fiction. It is confused; its index is hopelessly inadequate. The final impression left is that of an incomparable portrait gallery of rogues, fools and generals.

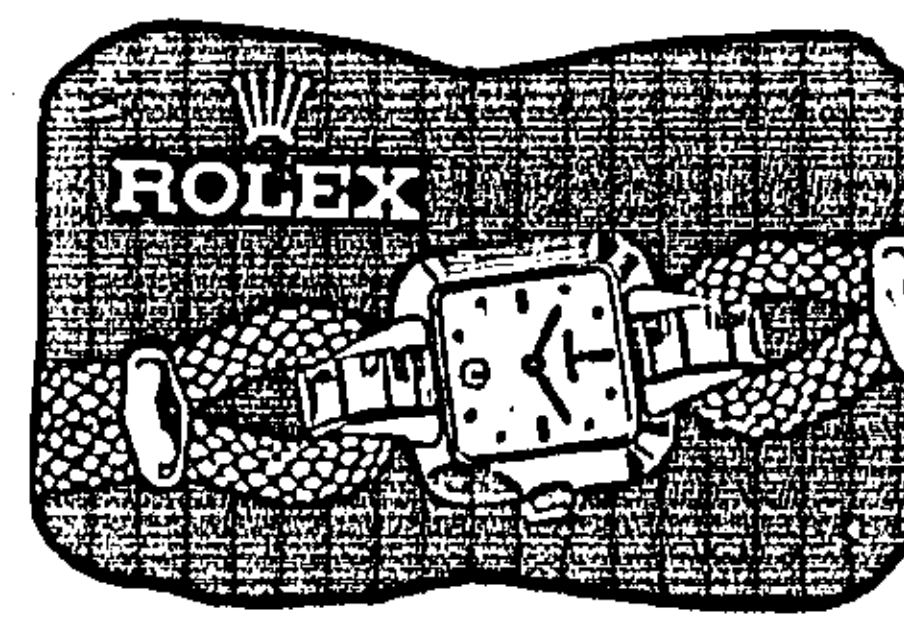
There is Admiral Canaris, "the little Greek," so-called from his Levantine appearance, playing a part so double that there must have been times when he did not know himself what his real motives were.

There is Elser, the carpenter who made by far the most skilful attempt to blow Hitler to pieces, with a bomb that could be set 10 days ahead of time.

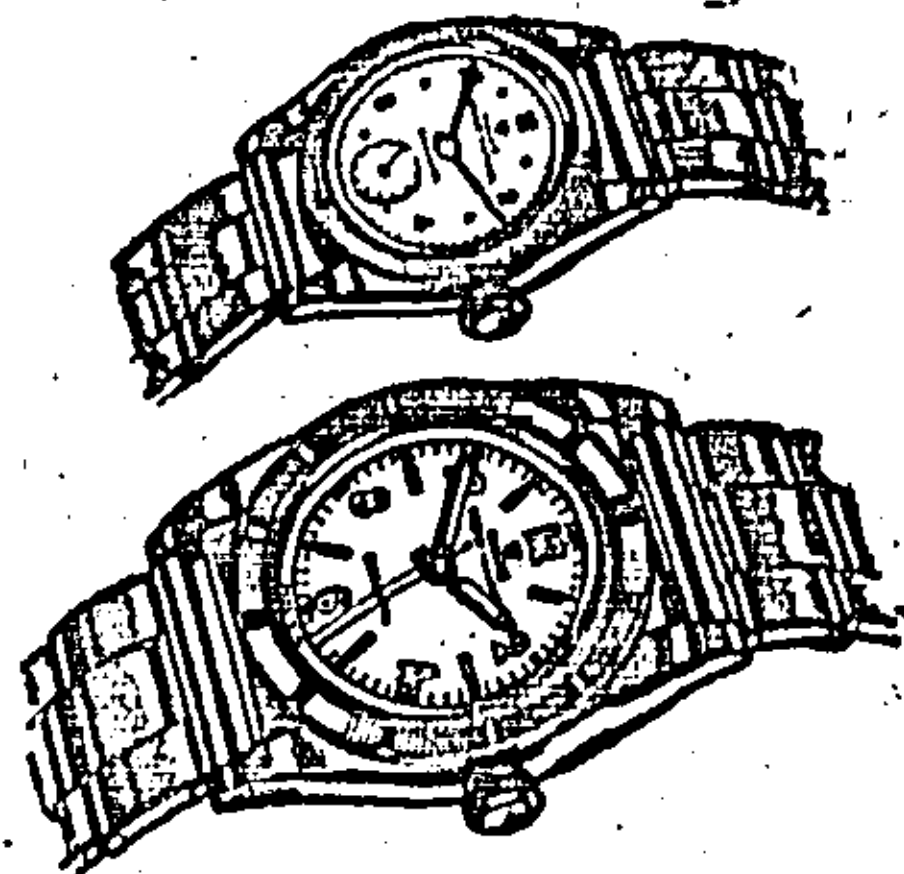
There is, in fact, a fascinating display of the disease of the German character which Hitler knew so well how to exploit.

## ROLEX OYSTER

THE MOST FAMOUS WATERPROOF WATCH.



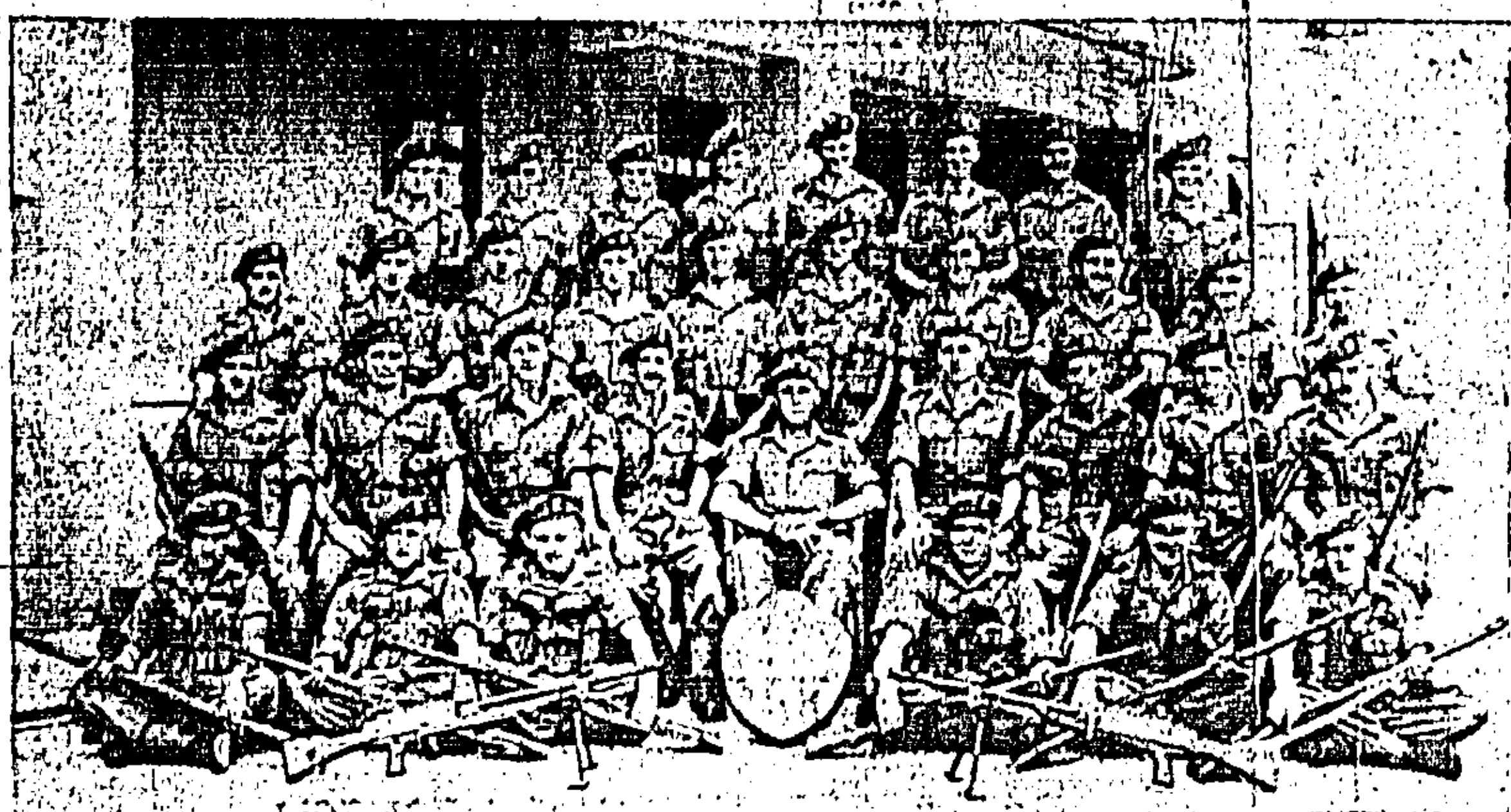
The highest awards have been conferred on all the calibres manufactured by ROLEX including the most minute movements for ladies' watches.



ROLEX, creators of the first wrist chronometer and the first waterproof watch, also perfected the first waterproof and self-winding watch and the first waterproof, self-winding and calendar watch.

YOUR CHOICE A ROLEX WATCH.  
A Time Piece Of Outstanding Precision.





THE team of the 2nd Battalion, The Buffs, winners of the Army Inter-Unit Shooting Shield. (King's Studio)



UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL—The Hongkong University Inter-Hotel Football Competition was won by Elliot Hall. Photo shows the winning team. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken after the christening at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, of Thomas Douglas, infant son of Mr and Mrs D. H. Knox. (King's Studio)



THE second summer dance organised by the Ladies' Committee of the Kowloon Cricket Club, held last Saturday, was a big success. Entertainment was provided by, amongst others, Mr Frank Miles (left upper picture) and Tex Winter and His Tumbling Tumbleweeds (left lower). A large number of handsome prizes were given away during the evening; the picture above shows ladies of the Committee who took part in the draw. (Golden Studio)



MR and Mrs Richard Sutton leaving St John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was formerly Miss Ada Catherine Bradicich. (Ming Yuen)



MISS Elizabeth Boyd presented prizes at the conclusion of the Hongkong Cricket Club's tennis tournament last week. R. Segalen, Club singles winner, is here seen receiving his trophy. (Ming Yuen)

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### "The Railway Station"

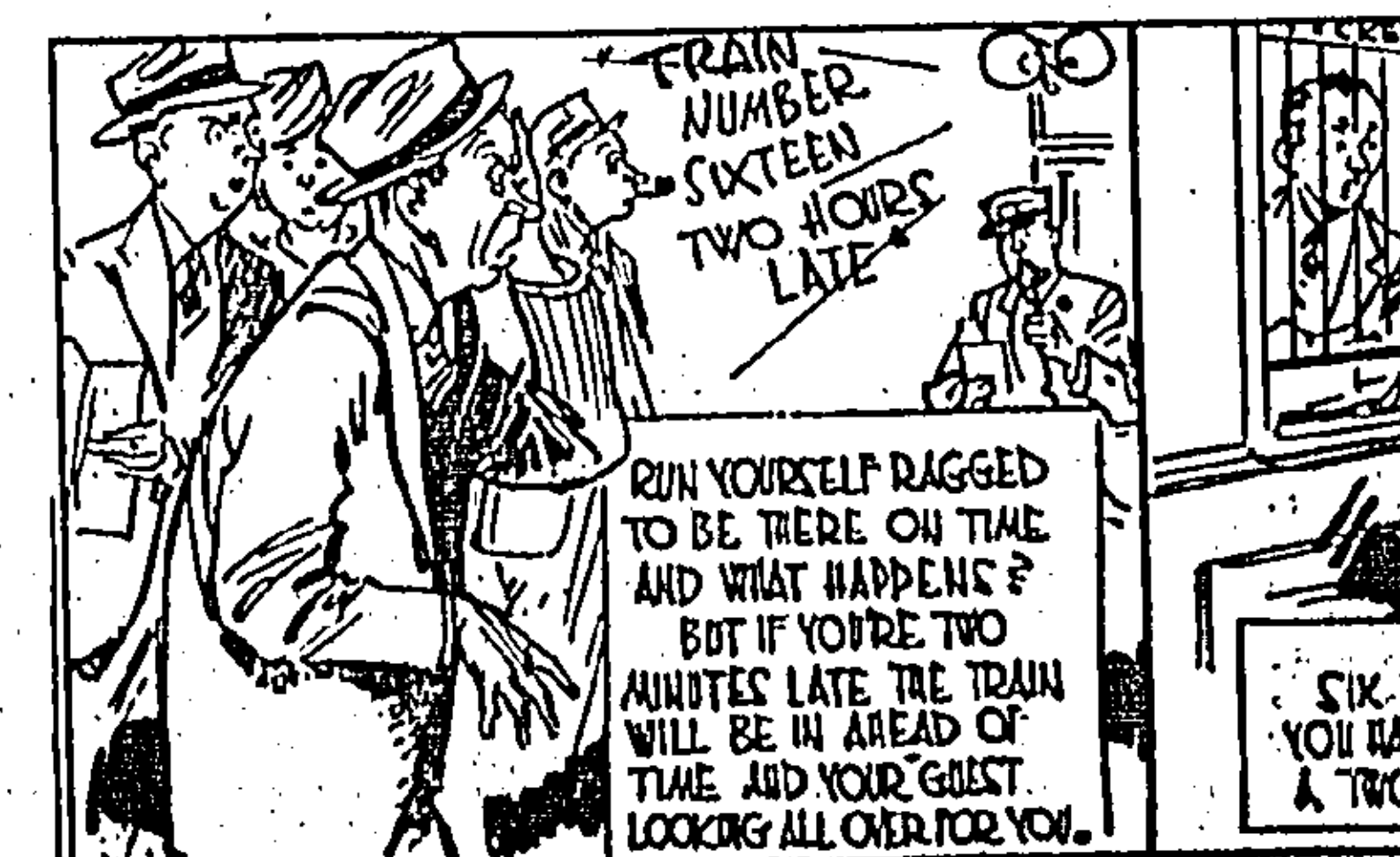
By KEMP STARRETT



"PARDON ME BUT ARE YOU THE POOR GUY WHO HAS TO MEET HIS WIFE'S OLD SCHOOL-GIRL PAL... WHOM HE HAS NEVER LAID EYES ON: ADDED WITH A GROUP SHOT... TAKEN EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO."



LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE MEETING HER RELATIVES.



TRAIN NUMBER SIXTEEN TWO HOURS LATE.

RUN YOURSELF RAGGED TO BE THERE ON TIME AND WHAT HAPPENS? BUT IF YOU'RE TWO MINUTES LATE THE TRAIN WILL BE IN AHEAD OF TIME AND YOUR GUEST LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.



"THE REFRIGERATOR STOPPED... JUNIOR FELL DOWN STAIRS... THE WASHING MACHINE HOSE BROKE... THE BUTCHER DIDN'T SHOW UP... AND I'VE GOT SPLITTING HEAD-ACHE."



SIX TICKET WINDOWS— AND ONLY ONE OF THEM OPEN JUST WHEN YOU HAVE EXACTLY EIGHT MINUTES TO GET TO YOUR TRAIN WHICH IS A TWO MINUTE GALLOP FROM THE LINE-UP.



"AND THIS IS LITTLE ALBERT! YOU REMEMBER ALBERT?"

DO YOU REMEMBER ALBERT? REH! HEH! DO YOU REMEMBER THE KID WHO USED TO JUMP UP AND DOWN ON YOUR STOMACH WHEN YOU TRIED TO GET A WAP DURING HIS VISITS.



INFORMATION

"WELL, WHY DOESN'T IT RUN ON SATURDAY?"

AND SOME TALK WONDER WHY A CLERK SOMETIMES GETS A LITTLE IMPATIENT.



THE ONLY SEAT IN THE WAITING ROOM.



Air Commodore Frank Whittle, C.B., C.B.E.

# The boy who was too small for the R.A.F.

by . . . SIDNEY RODIN

A SPECIAL train left London for the R.A.F. training centre at Halton, Bucks, one day in January 1923 with 600 hopeful lads aboard. Two days later a bunch of miserable rejects were deposited at the nearest station to Halton.

Among them was a small, dark youngster of 15 from Coventry. His rejection paper read "poor physique."

What the doctors really meant was that he was an under-developed, puny specimen, far too small for the Air Force.

He was barely five feet high. Wrote the youngster some years later: "I was bitterly disappointed and very much ashamed."

He was disappointed not just because he was mad to fly but because he had visions of designing wonderful aeroplane engines.

But before the boy caught his train he took his troubles to a physical training instructor. The instructor gave him a list of body-building exercises and wrote out a diet, consisting chiefly of olive oil.

Back home he exercised and drank olive oil until in six months, he tells us, his chest expanded three inches, and he got "three inches nearer the stars."

## LAST CHANCE

### He got through

Once more he applied, and once more the R.A.F. said no. There seemed one last chance.

He went through the whole procedure again, taking the written examinations as though he had never entered before.

This time no one recognised him and he passed. "I was in under false pretences," he confessed 11 years later.

And so he was enrolled as a "boy" apprentice—among air-men and workshops and aeroplanes.

It is well for Britain that the R.A.F. was fooled. For the boy who pencilled odd designs for new aircraft was Air Commodore Frank Whittle, who recently was awarded £100,000 free of tax, a token of the nation's gratitude for his invention of the jet-propelled gas turbine engine.

Because he became the first person to fashion an engine driving a plane without a propeller, the boy who was too small to fly has brought man to the dawn of the Supersonic Age of flying.

Before a new generation is born his fellow mortals may flash round the earth at more than 760 miles an hour. For Air Commodore Whittle's discovery has made him the greatest conqueror of speed the world has known.

## WROTE THESIS On jet propulsion

With precocious brilliance he foresaw that a new method of killing distance would bring to his country not just mightier armour but a fuller life of leisure.

At Cranwell (the Sandhurst of the Air) he first talked of building an aircraft propelled by ejected gases.

He saw little hope of the propeller and its piston engine achieving speeds beyond 400 m.p.h.

In 1928, when he was 21, he had to write a science thesis. Almost like a revelation he put down clearly for the first time his idea of jet-propelled aircraft.

The thesis won him Cranwell's highest prize for aeronautical sciences.

But his training as an airman went on. He was already a cadet pilot, flying his first machine in 1926—an Avro 504N biplane, top speed 105.

Whittle became the best flier in his squadron, brother pilots gasping at his aerial acrobatics. The scientist was made a flying instructor, and later a test pilot of seaplanes at Felixstowe, pioneering in hazardous catapult take-offs at sea.

Yet the slide-rule and the drawing board were never far from his hands. Only his professor at Cranwell and a few technical colleagues granted him that there was sense in his sensational ideas.

## NO LUCK Then formed company

Whittle took out the master patent for his jet engine on January 16, 1930. It was submitted to the Ministry and turned down: "practical difficulties are too great."

During 1930—the year of his marriage—Whittle hawked his drawings round commercial firms, but again no luck.

It was in May 1935 that two ex-R.A.F. officers begged him to try once more.

They approached a firm of investment bankers, raised £2,000 capital, and in March 1936 Power Jets Ltd. was formed.

The Air Council moved at last, and the Air Ministry became a shareholder from the start.

But they remained cautious. The work on the jet was still classed "long-term research."

Who could blame them, when the first engines which went beyond all previous engineering experience, broke down one after the other under test on the bench?

But in April 1937, in a small workshop at Rugby, Whittle made his engine run properly for the first time.

People were complaining of excessive noise keeping them awake at night, but that did not mar the rejoicing. He still possesses a champagne bottle with 40 signatures on its label.



WHITTLE, C.B., C.B.E.

That was the bottle drunk to celebrate the success, and all solemnly smashed their glasses.

In the summer of 1939 with the Nazi danger looming close, Power Jets received a contract for an engine which could be flown.

One fine morning in May 1941, many people in the Home Counties rushed to their air raid shelters thinking that a heavy bomb was screaming down.

They heard a distant screech which increased until it resembled the sound of a giant whistling kettle on the boil.

Then a winged, propellerless object hurtled in and out of sight.

It was the first Whittle jet aeroplane, with Flight-Lieutenant Gerry Sayer in the cockpit, doing nearly 200 miles an hour faster than the fastest R.A.F. fighter of the time.

In 1939 the Germans had published six of his patent drawings. So feverishly had they worked on jet-propulsion

gas turbines, that they were flying with them a few days before the war.

The first British jet to go into action took off from Manston R.A.F. airfield in 1944 to shoot up flying-bombs. It caught and destroyed more flying bombs than any other fighter.

"The Nazis had a jet plane in action some weeks before us.

But it was a rushed job.

Even towards the end of the war the life of the German jet engine was only 25 hours, compared with the 150 hours of the Whittle machine.

Jet planes went into production in America immediately following Whittle's demonstration of his engine to U.S. officers.

## STRAIN ON HIM Nervous exhaustion

The tremendous strain of day and night work began to tell on the inventor. Despite the careful nursing of his wife he was frequently in hospital with skin disease caused by nervous exhaustion.

But never for long, and then he was out again planning the use of the jet against the potential menace of fleets of high-altitude bombers.

Those fleets never came, and so the jet went into battle ground-strafting in the final all-out drive through France and Holland.

The war ended, but there was no rest for Whittle.

In June 1946, after he had given up to the Government all his commercial interests in Power Jets Ltd. without recompense, he became the man responsible for creating the all-Jet air force of the future. Already all home-based fighters are jet propelled.

## 680 M.P.H. Unofficial in U. S.

Already an American version of his jet has made the new world speed record of 650 m.p.h., with an unofficial 680.

Already our Navy is trying out gas-turbine war vessels, and the first gas turbine for cars and lorries has been built.

Royalties from Whittle's patents continue to pour millions of American dollars into the British Treasury.

The night before he knew what the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors was going to pay him, Air Commodore Whittle sat in the living room of his modest home at Rugby.

Asked if he loved speed for its own sake, and for his own use, the Speed King said: "I like to get where I am going as quickly as I can."

Outside in his garage was the small runabout motor car lent him by the Ministry of Supply.

"I would certainly like a speedy car," said this £2,000-a-year serving officer with his rented house and two boys at preparatory and public schools, "but who can afford it these days?"

A few hours later a courier was to tell him that he was worth £100,000—the sum paid to our greatest admirals and generals of the First World War, and for bigger than any reward ever granted by Britain to any other inventor.

# The creed of a Sabbatarian

By THE REV. R. A. FINLAYSON

I GLADLY confess to being a Sabbatarian. I am most willing to indicate why I believe the claims of the Lord's Day should be recognised and respected by men and women in every station and walk of life.

I believe that the Sabbath is a divine institution drawing its authority from the wisdom and love of God that ordained it and from the sovereignty of God that determined its obligations.

I believe that the Sabbath law found a place among the Commandments of the Decalogue because it defined a relationship between God and his creatures that was to be as permanent as man's weakness and need of God.

I can no more regard it as a Jewish ceremonial regulation than I can regard the Seventh Commandments of the Decalogue as having passed away with the Jewish Church any more than did the Sixth Commandment.

## MADE FOR MAN

Its place on the Statute-book of British Common Law is a recognition of its authority and an acknowledgment of its claims.

I believe that the demands of the Sabbath are embedded in the constitution of men's nature, and that the Sabbath was made for man because he is a man and not a machine or an animal or an angel.

He needs its physical rest, its mental stimulus, its moral inspiration, its spiritual quickening.

Man can surmount the sordidness of his material surroundings only as he apprehends spiritual values and makes them the ultimate standard of his life. For six days he works among the material values of the world, among things seen and temporal. On the seventh he should be given an opportunity to make fresh contacts with the spiritual values of life, to recharge the spiritual batteries that give power, direction and purpose to his living.

## THE BULWARK

For that reason the poorest drudge in the land, equally with the leisured and carefree, should be set free to do business with his Maker direct and unhindered. Neither commercial greed nor human selfishness should be permitted to rob him of his birthright.

I believe the Sabbath is the bulwark of national righteousness, preserving the national conscience, developing the national character, and cleaning the national life.

On this day the nation finds its soul—and the nations that have abandoned the Sabbath have largely lost their sense of spiritual

values. Their national character has lost much of its strength and virility.

I have observed on frequent visits the attitude of the towns of the British Commonwealth to the Sabbath Day's rest. And what I have seen in Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Belfast, Cape Town, and Durban strengthens my conviction that the British Commonwealth owes its strength of character and virility of life in no small measure to the physical and spiritual refreshment of the Sabbath Day's rest.

Princess Elizabeth was rebuked by some Scottish churchmen last month for attending the races and a night club on a Sunday during her visit to Paris. Here a leading Sabbatarian expounds personal reasons for his views on the question.

For that reason I believe that the liberties secured for us by the Sabbath Day—not without struggle and suffering—should be safeguarded by the civil magistrate appointed by us to protect our other liberties, social, civil, and political.

Those liberties should not be flinched from by our own thoughtless folly or by the selfishness of others.

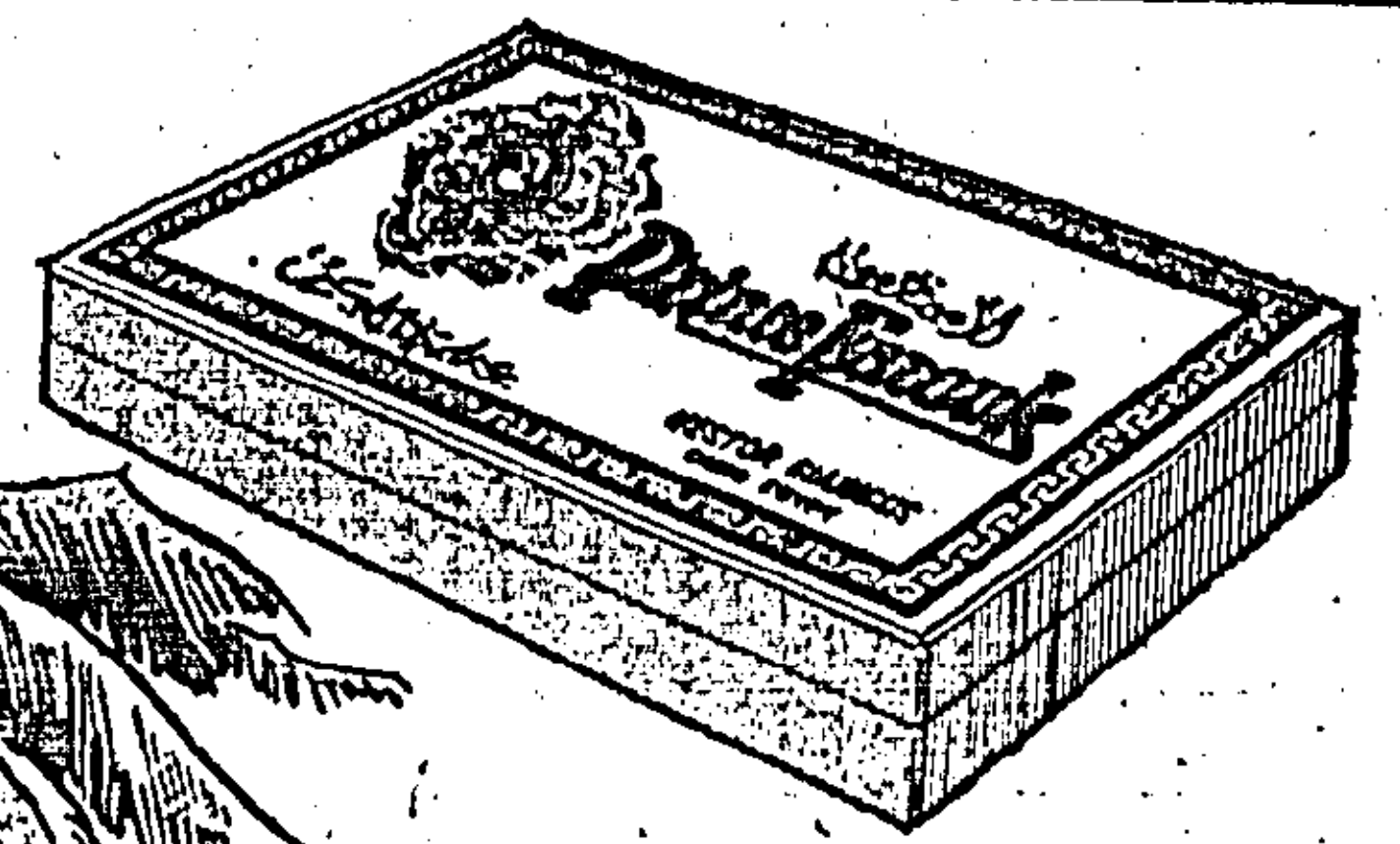
I think it futile, and worse than futile, to attempt to draw up a detailed list of "do's and don'ts" for Sunday observance, since observance in the mere letter, without respect to the spirit, may well be a breach of the Sabbath law.

## NOT DESIRABLE

It can, however, be said in a general way that anything that is motivated by commercial greed or thoughtlessness, selfishness that disregards the sacred rights and convictions of others—the Sunday cinema is an example of the one, and much of our present-day Sunday sports an example of the other—is patently a breach of the Divine Commandment.

In fact, any activity that caters to anything less than the highest good of man, and makes of the Sabbath "a screaming thing of mere sport and noise, a day of drink and madness," the disturber of peace and worship, is not desirable, and ought not to be tolerated in a Christian community.

In the practice of my creed I would make Sunday my day of most serious thought, when I try to face problems and plumb depths that I merely skirt on other days; my day of public and community worship in the fellowship of kindred spirits; my day of domestic peace and tranquillity, and my day of most willing and sacrificial service to the lonely, the stricken and the sad.



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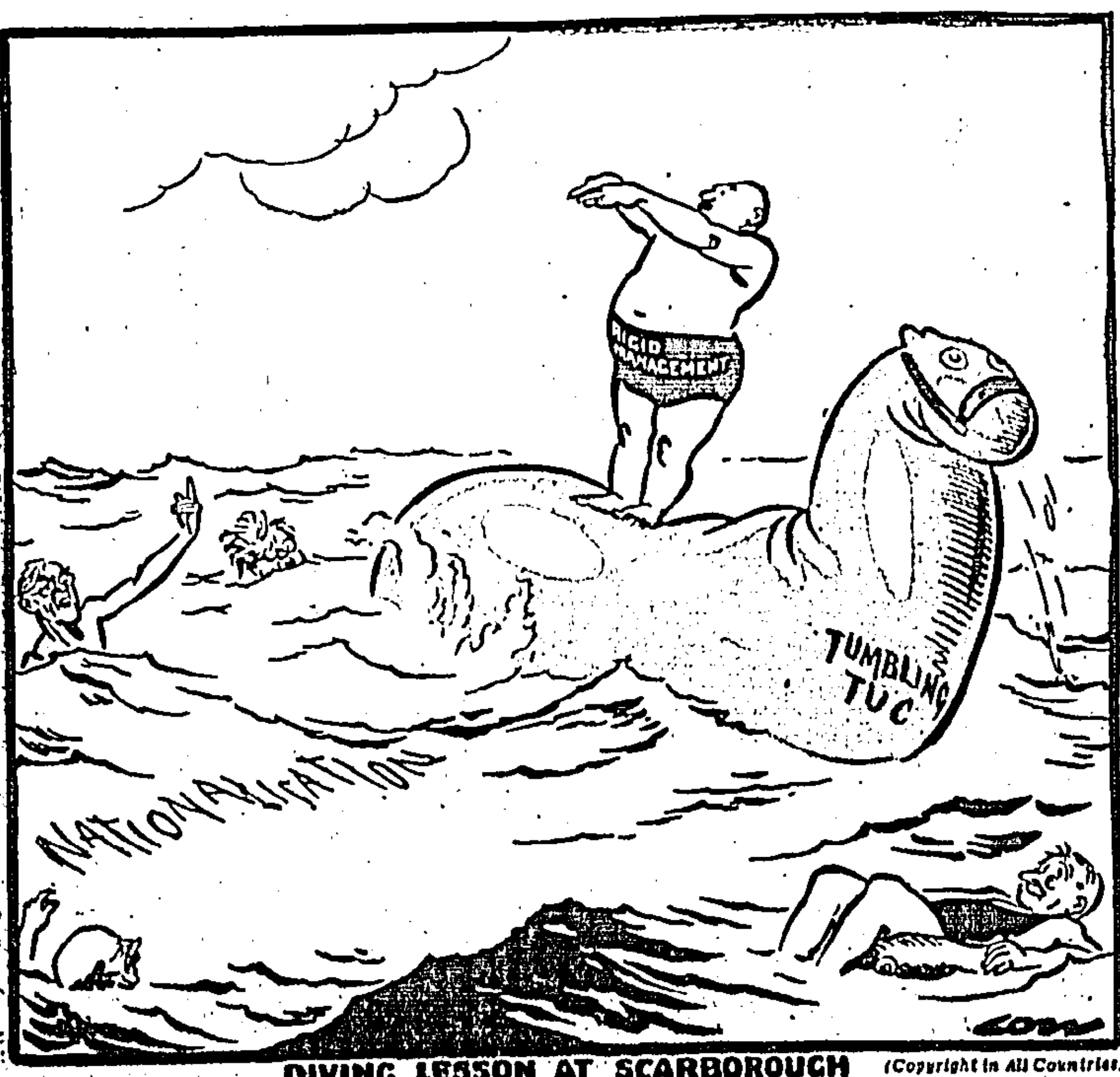
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Reservations at the Reception Office.

THE HONGKONG & SHANGHAI HOTELS, LTD.



DIVING LESSON AT SCARBOROUGH (Copyright in All Countries)



## INTERPORT CRICKET

By "RECORDER"

## HONGKONG'S HOPES REST ON A BALANCED TEAM

## Batting Strength To No.10 And Five Change Bowlers

Hongkong's Interport Cricket Team will fly to Singapore on Thursday, June 17, with hopes high of emerging victors over the Singapore State XI.

This despite the fact that Hongkong's XI will not bloom with youth, the average age of the team working out well in the mid-thirties.

Hopes high as well despite the fact that it will be a scratch XI on which Hongkong will depend, though there are as many as seven ex-Interporters in it.

It will be on its balanced batting and bowling that Hongkong's hopes will be placed. A batting strength well into No. 10 and five better-than-average change bowlers should be enough to worry Singapore. But much will depend on form and more on the wicket. Ten of Hongkong's bats have managed an innings of over 40 in the past season but the nine bats who will be depended upon for the runs have managed 14 ducks between them as well.

The team's captain, H. Owen Hughes, alone came out duckless last season though he was out under double figures in eight of 24 innings. For opening bats Hongkong can depend upon a choice of M. M. Little and L. D. Kilbee, the HKCC's opening pair in early season, and Sq./Ldr. A. D. Pantton (RAF).

Major J. M. Hope and Major W. Murray Brown, and G. N. and J. M. Gosano, of ITC, make a strong backbone for Nos. 2 to 6. There is also H. Owen Hughes, who had the best batting average of the team in the past season, at No. 7, though he may move higher up if circumstances warrant it.

Francis Zimmerman, of the KCC, is a good No. 8, with F. Howarth (HKCC) and Robbie Lee (KCC) an excellent tail. Robbie was ten times not out in 18 innings last season with a top score of 23.

## Interporters' Averages Last Season

This is how the Interport team fared on averages in all matches last season:

Player	Innings	Not Out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
H. Owen Hughes	24	7	650	141*	36.23
Sq./Ldr. A. D. Pantton	13	7	203	57*	33.83
G. N. Gosano	19	7	371	68	30.91
M. M. Little	21	2	542	58	28.52
J. M. Gosano	15	5	340	51	22.66
R. E. Lee	18	10	151	23	18.87
L. D. Kilbee	20	1	340	54	17.80
Major J. M. Hope	17	1	254	40	15.42
F. Howarth	22	5	263	41	15.47
Major W. Murray Brown	9	5	136	41	15.11
F. R. Zimmerman	21	5	156	40	9.75
Lt. A. Stepto	11	3	38	8*	4.75
*Not Out					

Player	Runs	Wickets	Average
F. Howarth	117	119	6.52
G. N. Gosano	111	17	6.52
F. R. Zimmerman	537	50	10.74
Lt. A. Stepto	376	34	11.05
Major J. M. Hope	225	19	11.84
R. E. Lee	638	47	13.57
H. Owen Hughes	655	48	13.64

## Woodcock fights on September 21

By GEORGE WHITING

No more ifs and buts about Bruce Woodcock, British, Empire and European heavy-weight champion. As I forecast several weeks ago, his first fight, after more than a year's absence from the ring, will be in London in the autumn. His opponent will be an American — at Harringay on September 21.

Woodcock and his manager, Tom Hurst, will be in town on Saturday, studying a list of five possible opponents drawn up by promoter Jack Solomons. Hurst will whittle the list down to three as a basis of negotiations by Solomons.

The British Boxing Board of Control, having learned officially from Woodcock that he intends to continue boxing, have declared Freddie Mills to be leading contender for Bruce's British and Empire titles. They agree, however, that any request by Woodcock for an earlier, non-title, fight would be quite reasonable.

Woodcock outpointed Mills in a non-championship fight two years ago. With Mills matched with Gus Lesnevich for the world cruiser-weight title at the White City in July, and with Woodcock meeting another American in September, it seems unlikely that a Woodcock-Mills fight for British honours will happen before Christmas.

Woodcock is already in training—as boxer and man of affairs. Tonight, he helps his father in a promotion at Doncaster.

## French Challenger For Billy Thompson

Pierre Montane, new light-weight champion of France, has been nominated by the European Boxing Association as chief challenger for the European title won by Britain's Billy Thompson against Roberto Proietti, of Italy, three months ago.

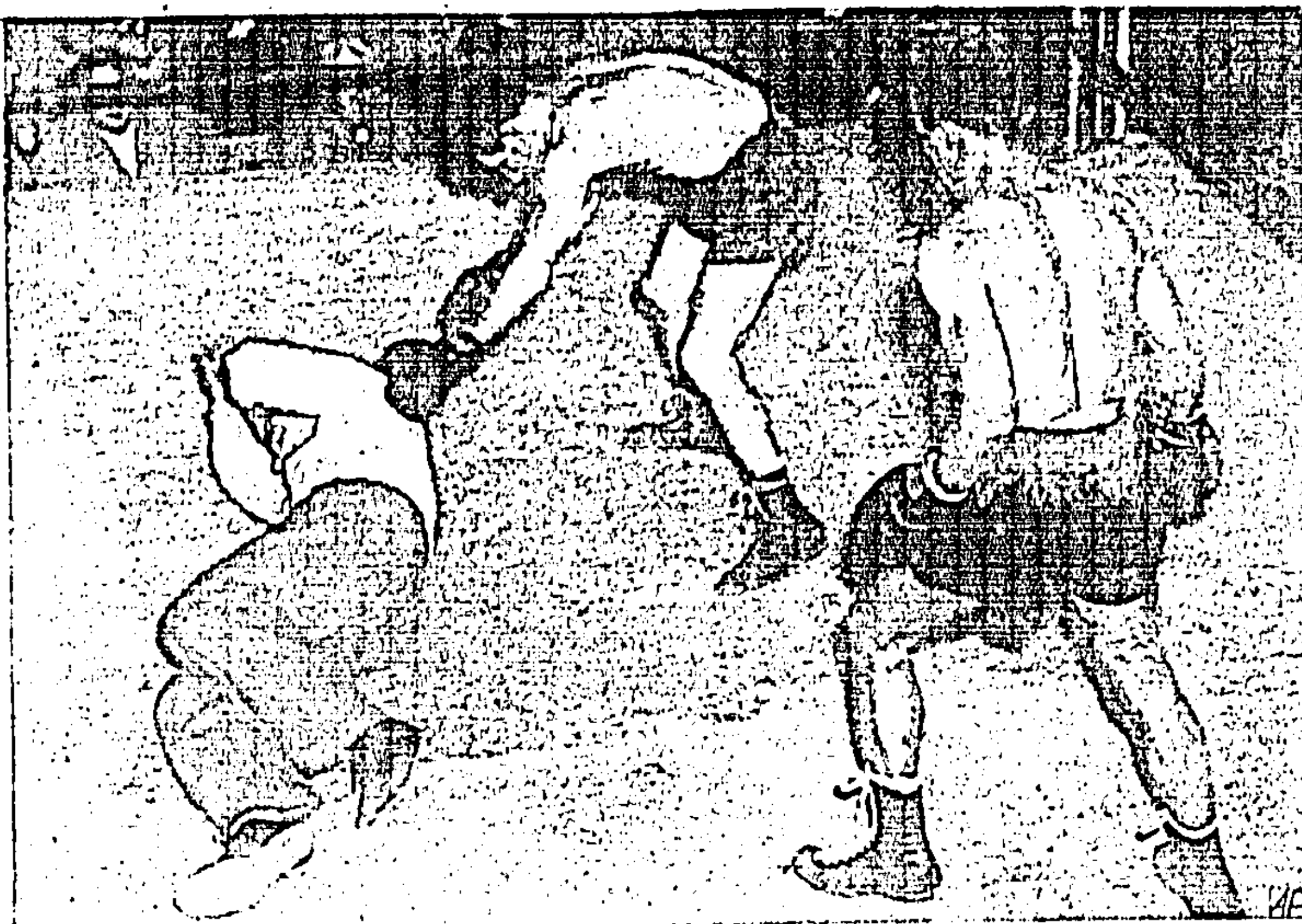
Thompson, I understand, will be offered terms to defend his championship—for the first time—against Montane in London this summer. My guess is that he will accept, and that the fight will go on at the White City on July 26—as a "support" to the Lesnevich-Mills meeting for the world cruiser-weight championship.

Thompson, however, has two prior appointments. At Harringay he meets another Frenchman, Andre Gonnat, in a return contest at 12lb. In June he will be in Canada, arranging terms for an Empire title fight with Al King in Toronto.

Of all these, the fight against Gonnat, a pupil of Marcel Thill, may be the toughest. Thompson had only a barnstorming finish to thank for a point's verdict over the aggressive little Frenchman at the Albert Hall last month.

## SPORTS FEATURES

## THE REFEREE STUCK HIS CHIN OUT—TOO FAR



Joey Walker, referee, is floored after the final bell at Newark, N.J. in an attempt to halt an overtime exchange between Laurie Buxton (right) of England and Mike de Cosmo of Elizabeth. It was the only knockdown of the fight, won by Buxton. Just who floored the referee remained a mystery.—A.P.

## One man &amp; his dog

By CHARLES GRAVES

Clonmel (Tipperary). Clonmel is the capital of Tipperary; it is also the capital of the greyhound breeding industry of the world. For Clonmel and its neighbourhood raise 50 per cent of the world's greyhounds. No wonder its inhabitants are prosperous.

King of the greyhound breeding industry is old Tom Morris, grey haired, shrewd, witty, pink-cheeked. Their apparent is his solicitor son Arthur.

Tom and Arthur are joint secretaries of the Irish Coursing Club, which controls greyhound racing and breeding throughout the 26 counties of Eire. Also they own or control dog tracks in Clonmel, Kilkenny and Waterford.

It was Tom Morris who went over to England and bought Mutton Cutlet at the age of four from General McMahon for 135 guineas—Mutton Cutlet, who is the granddaddy of the whole Irish greyhound industry. According to Tom, between 80 and 90 per cent of all high-class racing dogs in Ireland are descendants of Mutton Cutlet.

So much so that he went over to England not long ago to the Joint Command, for fear of too much in-breeding.

## HE DIED AT 12

Mutton Cutlet's progeny up to only the second generation has won over £500,000 in stake money. His pups have been sold to England, France, Belgium and the United States, Australia, South Africa and Tasmania.

After his death at the age of 12 the leading stud dogs were Tanist (£50 stud fee), Castledown Lad (£50), Manhattan Midnight (£40), Well Squared (£40), and Dark Invader (£25). All five died of some mysterious malady last year and the leading stud dogs today are Mad Tanist, Bella's Prince, Smartly Fergus, Shaggy Lad and Mountain Emperor.

Some of these have never raced in England and yet their stud fees go up to as much as £40 from £25. Multiply that by 40—the average number of services a year—and there is a nice little income, quite apart from selling your own untried saplings, as puppies between the ages of 13 and 15 months are called if they have not yet raced. These will fetch anything from £50 to £120 for dogs, and £35 to £60 for bitches.

Why is it that Clonmel and its neighbourhood still send over 10,000 greyhounds to England alone every year in spite of the fact that so many fast dogs have already gone across St. George's Channel and are now at stud in England?

Well, according to Tom Morris, dogs and bitches which stay too long in the training kennels and do the same training walks day after day along the same stretch of road do not breed well and become apathetic in every way, like a bank clerk who has to catch the same 8.10 a. m. train each day to the City.

## ROUGH FEEDING

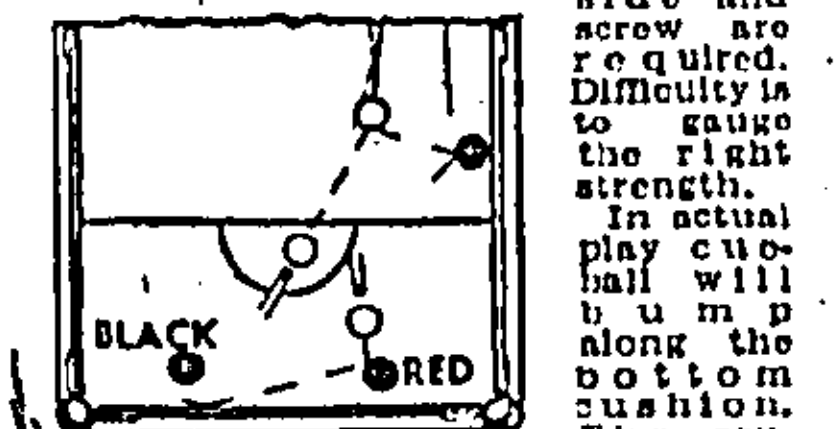
In Clonmel the racing greyhound goes straight back after a race to the farm of his owner where he runs loose and the feeding is more natural and rough. His owner, nearly always a farmer, can give him plenty of milk, home-grown vegetables, oats and wheat ground in the local mill.

There is practically no such person as a professional trainer round here.

Sales of greyhounds at Clonmel occur eight times a year. But the best dogs are almost always sold by

## Arthur Peall says:

"Stricken cannot pocket last red general direction and on right of diagram. Play is to snooker opponent behind black."



Billiards stroke on right of diagram is a positional cannon played from hand. Strike cue-ball low to cannon and bring white to the top position, leaving excellent position for a break.

private treaty and usually with a contingency.

Bill Quinn, the owner of Quare Times, refused £10,000 for him after he broke the world's record at the White City at a speed which would have put him 25 yards in front of Mick the Miller's best time—in 1920.

Mulcahir Post was sold the other day for £1,750 with the contingency that the buyer should pay another £500 if he wins the White City Derby. Also a few days ago Something Short was sold for £2,000 after winning a big race round here after the owner refused a profit of £700 on his deal the same evening.

## EPIDEMICS

Yes, there's gold in them thar dogs, though the mortality is astonishingly high. Tom Morris estimates that from whelping to maturity at least one in three dies. On top of that every now and then there are those mysterious epidemics, like the one that killed off nearly all last year's leading stud dogs.

What is Tom Morris worth? Well, what with one thing and another, I should estimate that he must be worth something in the neighbourhood of £500,000. Most of that has come from his greyhound interests and particularly the Mutton Cutlet strain.

## Feeding The Fads And Fancies Of Fifty Nations

Is One Job; Another Is Providing Against

## A Black Market In Olympic Food

By ERIC BENNETT

Stringent precautions are being taken to prevent a black market developing with the food being imported or allotted to competitors in the Olympic Games, which begin in London on July 29.

The Ministry of Food is working with the Olympic Games Organising Committee to get a fair distribution of all the gift food offered to the teams and of the rations available.

Elaborate schemes of storage, distribution, and specialised cooking for each country are now being worked out by the Olympic Games Housing Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. H. Stuart Townsend.

Mr. James Briault, housing and catering manager, told me: "We are tackling the problem of feeding some 6,000 athletes from more than 50 nations, in three ways."

"First it was decided that it would be impossible to provide specialised food for each nation without an elaborate import scheme. We offered all teams the highest British ration scale—that for heavy workers—and dieticians worked out the best way this could be applied to each country's needs."

"Copies of the menus we could provide were sent abroad so that each country could think out what extras they should bring."

"Catering has been divided between four British firms, three from London and one from Cardiff. I am shortly meeting British bakers to find if they can produce the types of bread needed by some nations."

"Second consideration to be met was the provision of national foods, such as rice and sharks' fins for the Chinese, ghee for the Indians, and so on."

"To meet this the Ministry will allow each team to import whatever extras they need. But this food must be sent before the team arrives, and our committee will look after the distribution."

"We also asked each nation to provide us with sample menus and suggestions for their feeding. Most nations are bringing their own chefs."

"The Spaniards sent a small book which was a complete dietetic lecture. The third food problem is that of the gifts that are being offered. All those accepted will be stored and distributed equitably to every team."

Offers reported from abroad include eggs from Eire, stinked fruit from South Africa, tinned mutton, venal, ham and bacon from the United States, and fish from Norway. Nearly 30,000 lb of food is being sent to London for the South

African team. Potatoes (7,500lb.) meat (3,000lb.), flour (2,000lb.), and chocolate (2,000 lb.) alone head the list.

**FIFTY ITEMS** Butter, eggs, cheese, and biscuits will be plentiful. Altogether there are 50 different items. Of spices there will be pepper, corns, bay leaves, ginger—and curry. Tinned vegetables will include peas, beans, mushrooms, and sweet corn. Five hundred pounds of fresh fish will be augmented by 500lb. of tinned assorted.

Even flavouring (five lb. bottles of strawberry) has been remembered. The Argentine team is bringing (as might be expected) a lot of meat—more than 20,000lb. Spaghetti, rice, cereals, wheat, and powdered vegetables will also come in quantity.

There will be 2,500 litres of wine for the team to train on and 1,500lb. of oil.

Pure glucose and vitamins B and C in medicated form will complete the list.

**TAKING PRECAUTIONS** Mr. Briault explained that all the food will enter the country under Ministry Import licences, and the Ministry would provide refrigeration and storage space.

"It will be our problem to work out how to shift the food from the stores to the competitors' camps. I think it will mean a daily delivery from base to camp, on the R.A.S.C. lines."

"All concerned with the transport, delivery, and storage of food are being briefed to take precautions against theft and black market activities."

"We are keeping that aspect constantly under review. Teams like the French and Portuguese, who need wine as part of their training diet, will, of course, get it."

"But there will be no bars in the camps—only first-class milk bars. Competing teams will pay for their keep on a day-to-day basis, according to their strength and requirements."

Hopeful footnote: If any country sends too much food for its own needs it will have to remain in Britain for disposal by the Ministry of Food.



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## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton





## SPARE MOMENTS PAGE

EXCLUSIVE 'TELEGRAPH' FEATURE

## YOUR BIRTHDAY

by STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 12

BORN today, you have more than one individual's share of dog-determination. Once you get your mind set on something, nothing will do but that you achieve it, no matter how long it may take. If hindrances put in their appearance for a time, you may outwardly appear to have dropped the idea. But this is far from the truth. Eventually you will see your opportunity and grasp it, getting exactly what you wanted in the first place. If your persistence is directed toward some important goal, then you may become outstanding in your chosen

field of endeavour. If, however, the goal is merely some personal, individual desire, then you will have wasted or misdirected those fine energies.

You women are highly intuitive and often have "hunches" that you cannot at first understand. Learn to follow that small, inner voice, for it can be of great use to you throughout your life. Disregarded, it can lose its force and cease to serve you—and that would be a real misfortune.

Both you men and women have strong home and family ties. Your loyalties always will be placed, first

of all, in your own circle of kin. Unlike many of your sign, you do not make friends as easily as some and are more reserved in offering your friendship. But once given your loyalty is for a lifetime.

Unexpected good fortune may come to you during your middle twenties and considerable wealth might be inherited then, as well.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13

BORN today your ambitions are exceptionally high and your versatile talents and ingenuity often help you to gain your goal when all other channels appear closed. You show considerable tenacity to one idea. Your capabilities along a number of lines do not, in your case, cause a scattering of direction of your energies. You have learned the secret of turning all your talents toward a single objective.

This may, in your case, be more instinctive than self-directed, for your intuitions are exceptionally keen and you can sense things more quickly than the average individual. Never go against your hunches, no

matter what other people say! You will find that you are usually right when you follow them—and wrong when you let yourself be persuaded to do something against your better judgment.

You have a very affectionate nature and must have those whom you love around you at all times. You could never be happy in an ivory tower of isolation, for you need and crave the companionship of other human beings. You will be happiest if you work at an early age, for then you will have your own family group growing up around you. Be sure, however, that your mate is one who sees life in the same perspective

as you do or there can be heart-break and disillusionment in store.

Since your health may not be as robust as you think it is, you must take care that you do not expend too much nervous energy at one time. Life in the country probably would be best for you. If you men must work in a large city, make your home in the suburbs where you can get away from concentrated city living, at least over the weekends!

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LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)

Personal affairs go well enough but there are undercurrents of unrest in business affairs. Be patient.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Domestic affairs take predominance in today's affairs and should bring you happiness. Seek quiet recreations.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Personal affairs appear to go well enough but business prospects look dim. Play a waiting game.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Business details may not be entirely overlooked, as you may need to do some important future planning.

MONDAY, JUNE 14

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Postpone, if possible, commitments for business expansion. Hold the line now. Wait for a more favourable day.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Conflicting tendencies make this a confusing day for all your activities. Good judgment will be needed.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Take a "wait and see" attitude about all important matters. Postpone making a trip if you can do so.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Definitely adverse for expansion plans, so mark time; hold the line; make plans for the future. Don't act.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Definite opposition will rear its head

today, so be prepared for it. Be patient. Don't push against the pricks.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Be tactful with those of the opposite sex and avoid emotionalism. Important matters should be postponed.

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## SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"How come when I have a date, both of you are always dolled up ready to dash down and tell him I'm still dressing?"

## WEEK-END QUIZ

1. Can rainbows be formed by moonlight as well as by daylight?
2. Name the largest flower known.
3. In what army did the famous violinist Fritz Kreisler serve in World War I?
4. What does the suffix "vich" mean in a Russian name?
5. What is a dingo?
6. What is the chief ingredient of talcum powder?
7. Which weighs more—a cubic foot of ice or a cubic foot of water?
8. What is the common name for the disease varicella?
9. From what plant is manila hemp produced?
10. What is the correct name for the racket used in badminton?
11. Who was known as the "Iron Man of Baseball"?
12. What is a "piece de resistance"?

Answers on Page 14.

## McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

Sacrifice Bidding Is All-Important

BY WILLIAM E. McKENNEY

SACRIFICE bidding is an all-important factor in tournaments. If your opponents are vulnerable and bid four hearts and can make it, they will receive 120 points for tricks, plus a 500-point game bonus—620 points. Non-vulnerable, against a vulnerable game, you could afford to go down three tricks doubled, or vulnerable, two tricks doubled, 500 points in either case.

Against sacrifice bidding you have to be very careful to get all of your tricks. In today's hand West went to four hearts over three no trump, which South of course doubled. You will notice that North and South could have made three no trump, so in order to win on this board they had to try to set the opponents at least three tricks.

South won the opening diamond lead with the king and continued with the ace, which West ruffed. West went over to dummy's jack

## BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

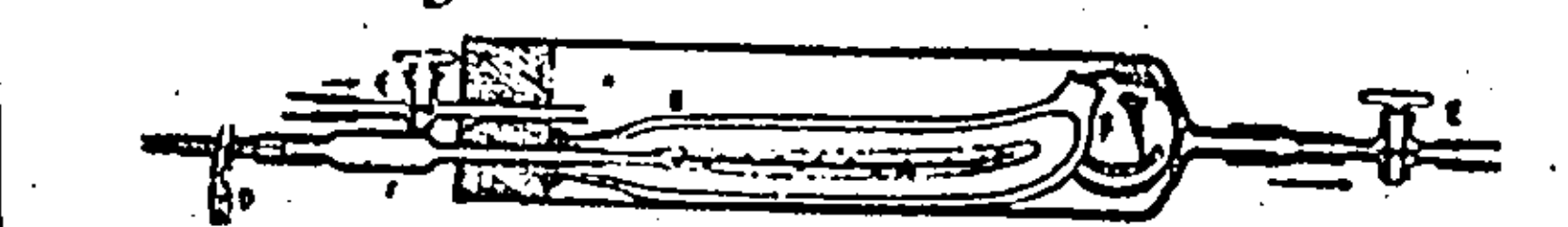


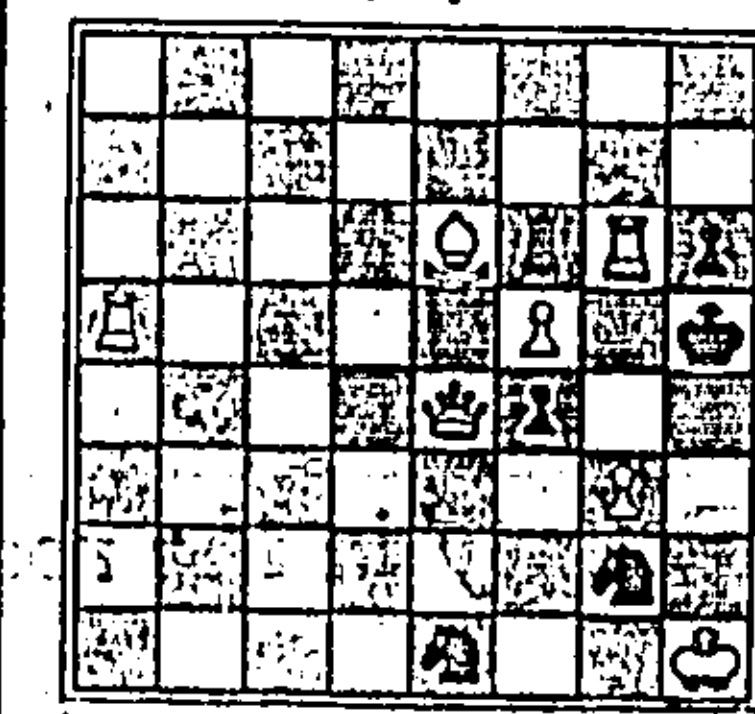
Figure 1.—Arrangement of apparatus to permit both measurement of the respiration rate and analysis of the internal atmosphere of a banana. A, respiration chamber; B, banana in longitudinal section, showing the cavity made by the cork-borer; C, sampling tube with D, 3-way stopcock; E, 2-way stopcock; F, paper hygrometer.

ABOVE is a genuine picture of an apparatus devised by Professor Wardlaw, Britain's foremost authority on tropical fruits, to measure the breathing apparatus of a banana. The picture is from the scientific journal Endeavour.

SHE BIT DOG TO PROVE IT HARMLESS. (Headline.) THEN, I presume, the dog bit her to prove her harmless. At the Cirque Medrano in Paris, Ginette

Blainville bit a tawny African lion, and the lion was so dumbfounded at her audacity that it bit a porter, in the nine-penny seats. But that is nothing to the old mate of the Moss Rose, who bit a shark's leg off in the Bay of Abakulpa, and is now in prison for taking the steel out of 1,381 pairs of non-priority corsets and selling it to a swallower of second-hand utility swords. But all this gets us nowhere, as the stockbroker said when the actress whispered, "You may take my little doggie for a walk."

## CHESS PROBLEM

By L. N. DE JONG  
Black, 6 pieces.

White, 7 pieces.  
White to play and mate in two.  
Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. B-K4; threat 2. R X P (ch)
- 1... R (QR6) X P; 2. B-B3.
- 1... R (KR6) X P; 2. B-Q3.
- 1... P-K3; 2. B-Q4 (ch).

## Overheard at the Art Gallery

"No. 31: Horse-Torso, by Spotz. It's not like any part of a horse." "Perhaps it's the sculptor's idea of an ideal horse, a sort of sublimation of the idea of Horse. The horse behind all horses—the essence of Horse."

"What's that bit of yellow mackerel on the railway-lines?" "I suppose it balances the picture."

"Gosh! That's original. See that eye under the nose? And the ear in the middle of the forehead?"

"How utterly French!"

## Just for once

She said a little animal popped out of the basket in which the fruit was. (News item.) "WHATEVER animal it was," vouchsafed a spokesman, "it had put all its legs in one basket."

of spades and led a heart, which South won with the king. The five of diamonds was returned, declarer ruffed, cashed the two spades, then led a club and fished the ten-spot in dummy.

Now South found himself end-played. When he won the first trick with the king of diamonds he should have led back the ten of spades. Even though declarer won this in dummy with the jack and led a heart South could have taken it with his king and exited with another spade. Declarer would win this with the ace, go over to dummy with a spade and lead his last heart from dummy. However, South could win this trick and exit with a diamond.

Setting a contract 500 at rubber bridge is pretty good, but in tournament bridge the 500 score might give you a bottom. Therefore you must be on your toes when playing against good players who know how to employ sacrifice bidding.

## Skeleton Crossword

SOLVER of the Skeleton Crossword is required to fill in the black squares and the numbers as well as the words. To give you a start, are numbers and four black squares have been given. The pattern is symmetrical. The two sides balance each other, and the top and bottom halves correspond. You can therefore fill in ten more black squares at once to correspond with those given.

Since there are 12 Clues Across

CLUES ACROSS

1. As the saying goes, it incorporates much of the verdict.
2. Clever enough not to be left at the finish.
3. I arrive for a change in the South of France.
4. In a dig?
5. Only by arrangement.
6. Substitutionary words, these (two words).
7. Both words, you and I should be familiar with this Dickens work, of course (three words).
8. Out of sight but not out of mind (three words).
9. Field, yet no field, you may find.
10. The whetstone to catch this day is obvious.
11. No listless sort of display, one might say.
12. Catch her like a butterfly?
13. It's infernal.
14. Levant, maybe, but not necessarily in the Mediterranean.

CLUES DOWN

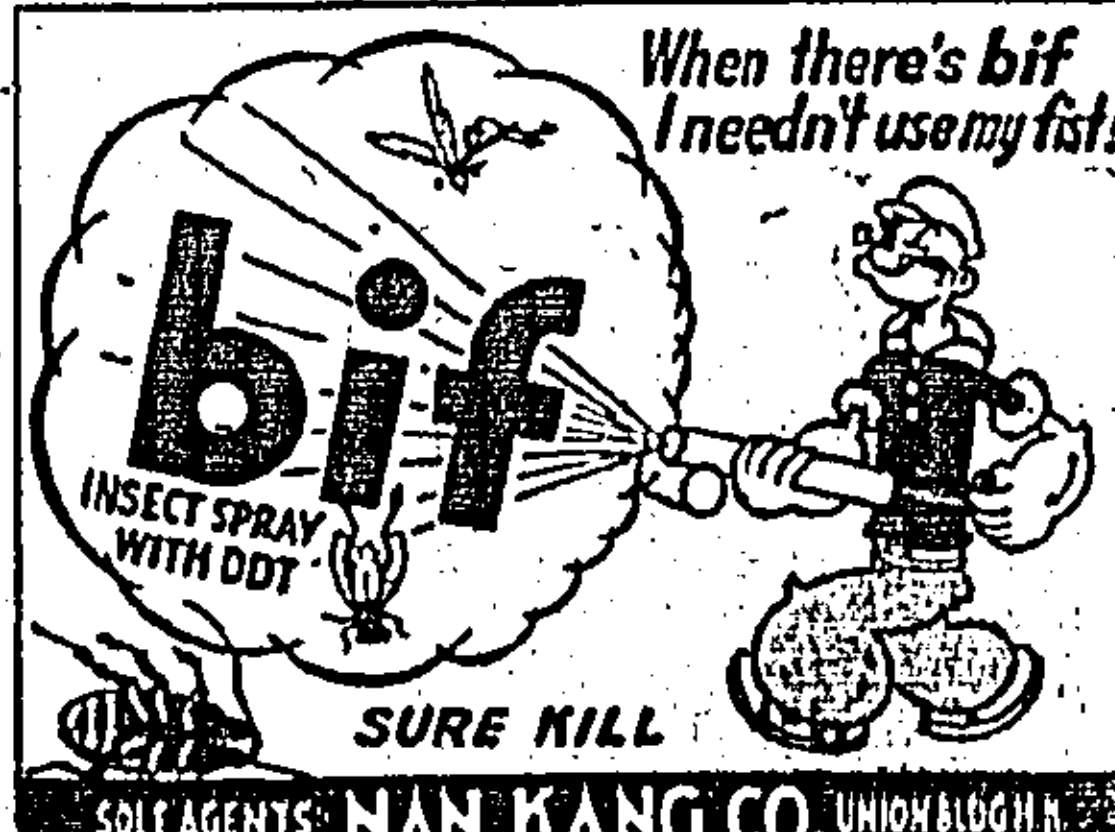
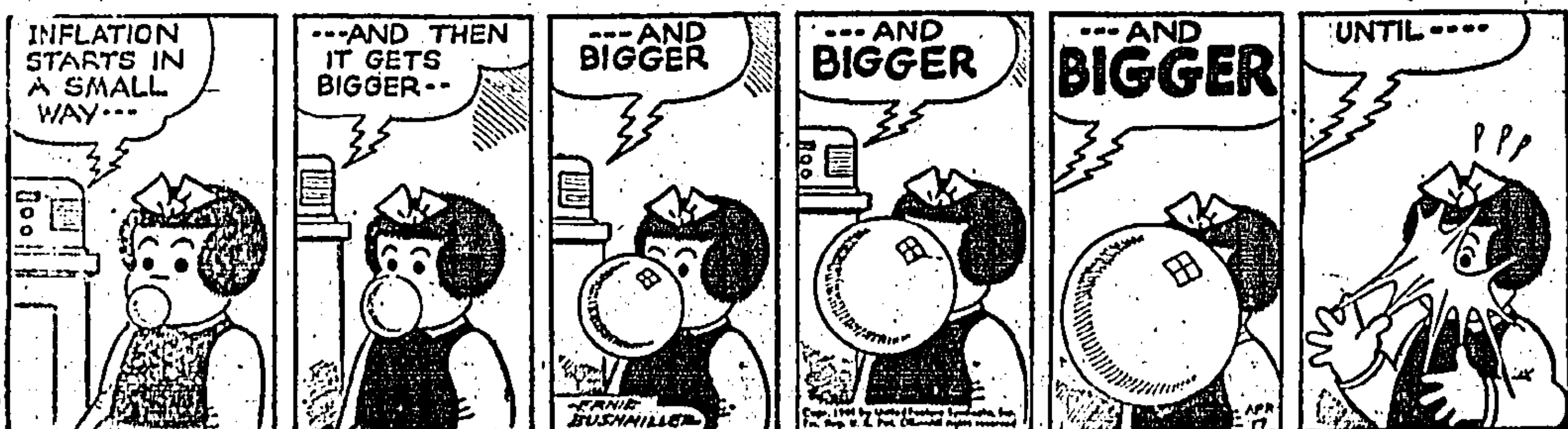
1. Though it may mean death, Sid turns up with the right answer.
2. Cried for something to drink.
3. Vessel in our navy.
4. It's right, we're told.

Solution on Page 14

## NANCY

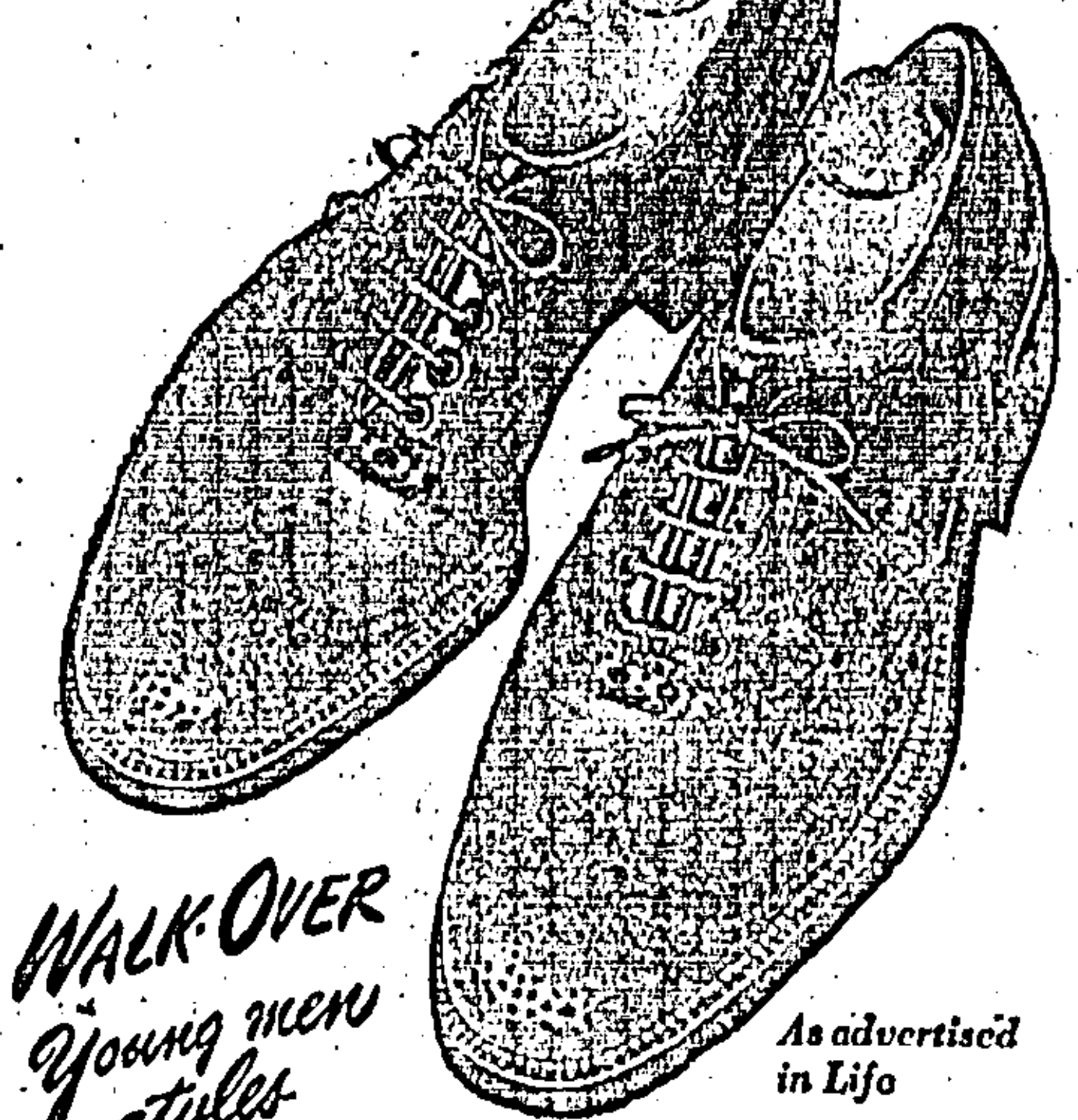
Graphic Illustration

By Ernie Bushmiller



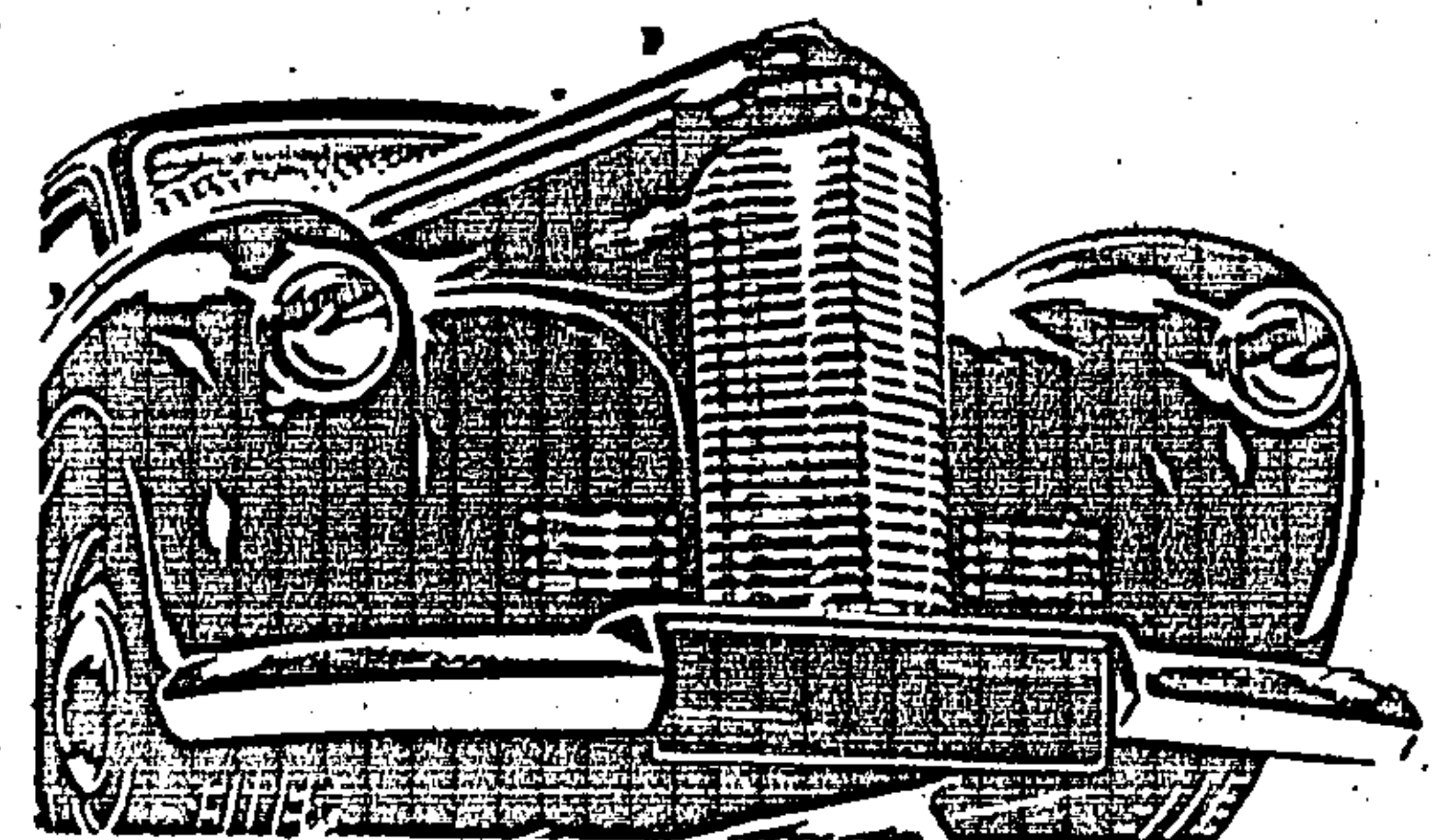
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